DOCUMENT RESUME

ED 258 766 RC 015 335

TITLE	Tsapah Talks of Pheasant and Other Stories. The Indian Reading Series: Stories and Legends of the Northwest. Level VI.
INSTITUTION	Northwest Regional Educational Lab., Portland, Oreg.
SPONS AGENCY	National Inst. of Education (ED), Washington, DC.
PUB DATE	82
CONTRACT	400-80-0105
NOTE	116p.; For the teacher's manual, see RC 015 334.
PUB TYPE	Guides - Classroom Use - Materials (For Learner) (051)
EDRS PRICE	MF01/PC05 Plus Postage.
DESCRIPTORS	*American Indian Culture; *American Indian Literature; American Indians; *Childrens Literature; Cultural Background; Cultural Images; Elementary Education; Illustrations; *Legends; *Supplementary Reading Materials; Tribes
IDENTIFIERS	Oral Tradition; *Pacific Northwest Indian Reading and Language Prog; *Pacific Northwest Tribes

ABSTRACT

Designed as supplementary reading material for Indian and non-Indian children in the elementary grades, this reader presents 19 stories and legends of the Northwest tribes. Stories in this sixth level of the six-level series were developed cooperatively by Indian people of Pacific Northwest reservations. Each of the 19 stories has a title page with full-page illustration and includes the tribe and the individuals responsible for the story. The first four stories provide an opportunity to compare and contrast the three Indian culture groups of the Northwest region (coast, plains, and plateau) as well as the pre-contact, reservation, and modern periods of Indian culture. Stories about the modern period of Indian culture are "A Cultural Change" (Blackfeet), "Willie's Tribe" (Kootenai), and "Tsapah Talks of Pheasant" (Muckleshoot). Stories about the reservation period are "Nina Saves Roan" (Shoalwater Bay), "Adventures on an Island" (Shoalwater Bay) and "The Story of Wild Horse Island" (Kootenai). The remaining 13 stories are from the pre-contact period and emphasize core values for Northwest tribes, e.g., harmony with nature and the importance of kinship and family obligations. Titles include "Coyote and Crane" (Klamath), "Scabby Bear" (Assiniboine, Sioux), "Sun's Daughter" (Skokomish), "Indian Giant" (Burns-Paiute), and "One That Got Away" (Salish). (JHZ)

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TSAPAH TALKS OF PHEASANT

and other stories

The Indian Reading Series

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TSAPAH
TALKS OF PHEASANT

and other stories
Series VI

THE INDIAN READING SERIES:
Stories and Legends of the Northwest

Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory
300 S.W. Sixth Avenue
Portland, Oregon 97204

THE INDIAN READING SERIES: Stories and Legends of the Northwest is a collection of authentic material cooperatively developed by Indian people from fifteen reservations. Development activities are guided by a Policy Board which represents the Indian community of the Pacific Northwest. The Pacific Northwest Indian Reading and Language Development Program Policy Board members are:

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TSAPAH

TALKS OF PHEASANT

(Muckleshoot)

Developed by the Muckleshoot Curriculum Committee

Charlotte Williams, Coordinator

The preparation of this story, *Tsapah Talks of Pheasant,* was aided by Eva Jerry, Ollie Wilbur, Elizabeth Bargala and Debra Barr, all residents of Muckleshoot Indian Reservation; and Patricia Noel, employee of the Auburn School District.

The story was written by Elizabeth Bargala. The legend of Pheasant told by Tsapah was adapted from *Pheasant Story,* obtained by Warren Snyder, Sacramento State College, California, 1955. The original story was by Jerry Kanim Snoqualmie, who resided on the Muckleshoot Reservation.

Joseph Coburn, Director
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Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory

Developed by the Pacific Northwest Indian Reading and Language Development Program, Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory, 300 Southwest Sixth Avenue, Portland, Oregon 97204

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The work upon which this publication is based was performed pursuant to Contract No. 400-80-0105 with the Educational Equity Group/Multicultural/Bilingual Division of the National Institute of Education. It does not, however, necessarily reflect the views of that agency.

Printed and bound in the United States of America

TSAPAH TALKS OF PHEASANT

(Muckleshoot)

Lance awoke excited today. He dressed hurriedly and quickly ate his breakfast. This was the day Tsapah (saw-paw) (Old Grandfather) was coming to Lance's class to talk with the children. Lance loved to listen to his stories of long ago. As Lance waited for the bus on the dirt road, he could picture in his mind Tsapah talking and the far away look Tsapah always got in his eyes. His grandfather always seemed to fade into another time as his stories came forth, and Lance would drift along with him.

As Lance waited with his schoolmates, he happily told them of Tsapah's visit to school. "Guess what? Today my Tsapah is going to be in my class with me! He's going to tell us stories and everything."

The other children were soon excited, too. "Gee, your very own Tsapah coming to school!" one exclaimed "I wish my Tsapah would do that."

"Yah," said Jeff, Lance's friend, "I wish I were in your class. My teacher would never think up something like that."

In no time at all, the bus came bumping along the road and the children climbed aboard. Soon every child on the bus knew of Tsapah's visit to Lance's classroom. The non-Indian children were drawn into the contagious excitement about Tsapah's visit.

When the bus finally arrived at school, Lance stepped off and dashed to his classroom. Lance and his classmates could talk of nothing else but Tsapah's anticipated arrival at school.

Miss Moses glanced around the room at the whispering, squirming little people. She wondered how she was ever going to control them when they were all so excited and active. It took longer than usual for class to begin. Miss Moses was from the nearby Muckleshoot Indian Reservation. Because she was Indian and understood Tsapah and his ways, he had agreed to come to the school. Tsapah had been visiting his daughter in Seattle, Washington, which was about thirty miles away. Miss Moses had traveled there to persuade him to come to her class. Tsapah's daughter would be bringing him to the school in the afternoon.

As Lance sat at his desk, his mind took him again to the way his Tsapah was. Tsapah lived quietly in his old house on the Muckleshoot reservation. He had only his dog Postud with him. Postud, which means White People, got his name because he was all white and Tsapah said the dog always acted as if he wanted everyone to notice him. Postud understood the Indian language because that was all Tsapah ever spoke at his house. Postud would not obey unless he was given a command in the Indian language.

Tsapah's sons always brought him salmon, deer and elk. Sometimes Tsapah would can some of it in jars, but he smoked or dried most of the meat and fish. That was because he like it that way. He gave a lot of the meat and fish he prepared to his children and his grandchildren.

Lance's mind snapped back into the classroom when his classmate Marvin tapped him on the shoulder and asked, "When is Tsapah gonna be here?" Marvin had long braids and was Lance's cousin. Marvin sat behind Lance, so Lance turned and explained that Tsapah would not be there until after lunch.

At last, lunch time arrived and Miss Moses' class lined up at the door. Miss Moses led the children to the cafeteria and hoped the upcoming afternoon session would be a success.

After lunch Lance went with Marvin to the playground. As they stood in line to play tetherball, they briefly discussed Tsapah's visit. A boy standing behind them overheard their discussion and said, "So what, an old man talking to you. Boring." He maliciously pulled one of Marvin's braids and said, "Right little girl?" Lance and Marvin glanced at each other and decided to ignore the boy.

Marvin said, "Sometimes I wish I could just punch someone, or cut my hair off."

Lance looked at Marvin and said, "Well my mom cut my braids off last year. I didn't like everyone bugging me. But now I am growing my hair again and I don't care any more if I get teased."

The bell for class rang too soon. Marvin was winning at tetherball, but in the back of his mind was the thought that Tsapah would soon be there. All of the children returned to the classroom and seated themselves. The room was buzzing with anticipation. Miss Moses entered and walked to the front of the room. "Well class," she said, "Tsapah is here and will come in soon. I would like you to be quiet and listen carefully. If you do not, Tsapah may get offended. This is a very special occasion. Tsapah has never come to the school before." Just as Miss Moses finished, the classroom door opened and Tsapah entered. He stopped at the doorway and looked at the students for awhile.

The boys and girls stared at him. Tsapah had grey hair that hung to his shoulders. He was wearing old faded jeans and a red plaid shirt. He had a pair of beaded moccasins on his feet. Tsapah was very old, but he stood straight and tall. He had a red handkerchief tied as a headband on his hair. His face was expressionless. The students were enthralled by Tsapah's presence. Tsapah slowly walked to the front of the room and greeted Miss Moses in the Muckleshoot language.

Miss Moses turned toward the class and announced, "This is Tsapah. He will talk with you today. I do not know what he will say, but I do know that it will be good." She turned toward Tsapah and indicated that the class was turned over to him. Tsapah said he did not want the children to be at their desks. He had the children clear an area at the front of the room and they all sat on the floor around him.

"You are special people," he said. "You young folk are the leaders of tomorrow. There are many things you must learn. That is why you are going to school. You

will not learn everything here at school. There are some things you will learn by living. My grandfather used to tell us of many things. Always the things he spoke of left us with a lesson to remember. The things he said were meant to help us be good people, if we took them in our hearts. I know you are not all Indian people. But it makes no difference, for you, too, will grow up, and will want to be good people."

Lance glanced at his classmates as they listened to Tsapah. Lance was so proud to have him at school. "My Tsapah loves people," he thought.

Tsapah said, "I will tell you something, and it may help you as you travel through this life." Tsapah held his hands before him, for it was his manner to use his hands as he spoke.

"All of the men were hunters many years ago. They had to go out and bring in all the deer and elk they could to keep the people healthy and content. The hunters all had animal names because they were not men as we know them today. They were named according to the way they hunted and killed. There was Cougar. Cougar enjoyed stalking the animal as much as finally killing it for the meat. Cougar believed he was a very good hunter. People always knew they would hear stories of how good Cougar was when he came around. He loved to brag about his hunting skills.

"Wolf was a good hunter, too. Wolf did not really take time in stalking an animal, as Cougar did. Instead, if he came upon an animal, he would chase it and quickly kill it. Wolf's problem was that he would sometimes destroy a lot of meat while killing the animal.

"Around the campfires at night, Wolf would be loud and noisy, saying, 'Oh, you should have been with me today. I got the biggest deer I've seen in a long time. I really had a hard chase, but I caught him. When I got him down he jumped up again. Three times that deer did that to me. By that time I was very angry. When I got that deer down again, I killed him quickly. You all know that I got the biggest deer today, because I am such a good hunter.' Then Wolf threw his head back and filled the forest with his loud laughter.

"Weasel was listening to all the bragging of Wolf. 'Wolf,' said Weasel, 'You know sometimes you go out on a hunt and bring back nothing. When I go out to hunt, I always bring back something.' When Weasel hunted, he would chase the animal and stick his teeth into the animal's neck. Weasel would not let go until the animal was dead.

Woodpecker could also be heard telling of his hunting ventures. Woodpecker felt he was special because he could travel in the sky and see what was below. Woodpecker had a high thin voice and could always be heard above everyone telling of his hunting skills.

"The only hunter who was silent at these meetings was Pheasant. Pheasant would merely sit among the hunters and listen. The hunters would sometimes make fun of Pheasant and laugh because they thought he was not a good hunter. Pheasant would never answer them, and they would soon tire of teasing him and go back to their hunting tales.

All of the people listened to the hunters' stories with interest. The people thought the hunters were very good people. The hunters brought food that would last all year long. The people smoked or dried the meat, but they really enjoyed fresh meat when they could get it. Sometimes the people would have to go many months without fresh meat if the hunters had a bad season. Even during these bad seasons, the hunters would gather to brag and laugh. It was during one of these meetings around the campfire that the hunters got a little disturbed with each other. There had to be a way for them to decide who the best hunter was, once and for all.

Cougar said, 'Let us have a contest. We will each go out tomorrow to hunt. The first hunter to come back with meat shall be the best hunter.'

"'Yes,' exclaimed Wolf, 'that sounds like a good idea. Then we would know for sure who the best hunter is.' The rest of the hunters nodded in agreement since each was determined to be the best.

The next day each hunter prepared for the hunt and went out into the forest. All, that is, except Pheasant. Pheasant merely watched as the other hunters left the camp.

All the people waited anxiously to see who would be first back with the meat. As night drew nearer and the sun began to go down, the people knew the hunters must not be having any luck with the hunt. One by one the hunters began to return. Not one of them had meat. There was much complaining around the campfire that night.

"'Wolf,' said Woodpecker, 'I saw you headed right toward a deer this afternoon. How is it that you did not bring that one down?"

"Wolf glared at Woodpecker and retorted, 'Well, if you saw the animal, why didn't you get it? I just had a little bad luck today, that's all. It can happen to the best hunter. Tomorrow I intend to be first with a big buck. That will show you, Woodpecker!'

"Pheasant was kneeling in his usual place listening to the disappointment of the hunters. 'Well,' Pheasant thought to himself, 'Tomorrow I shall go out, and perhaps these hunters will learn a lesson from me.'

"The next morning as the hunters prepared to leave camp, they noticed Pheasant making preparations also. 'Hah!' said Cougar, 'Everyone, come and see what is happening. Pheasant! Making arrows to hunt with. So you decided to join the hunt, eh, Pheasant?' Cougar asked Pheasant. 'Well, it is an open contest. Anyone can be in it, even you.'

"The hunters left for the forest, and Pheasant was still preparing his arrows. Pheasant plucked a feather from his own clothing and attached it to his arrow. He turned the arrow in his hands and examined it closely. 'Now,' Pheasant thought to himself, 'I am ready to go on the hunt. I know for certain I shall get some meat. It is this feather which will guide my arrow straight and true.'

"Pheasant had not gone far when he saw a deer. He shot his arrow and killed the deer instantly. Pheasant was not able to pack the deer back to camp alone, so he traveled back to get assistance from one of the other hunters. On his way back

to camp, he came upon Weasel who agreed to help him take the meat to camp. Weasel said to Pheasant, 'Oh, the other hunters are going to be surprised about this. No one even knew you could hunt. Now you have proven yourself to be the best hunter among our people.' Pheasant did not reply, but set about preparing the meat to take back to his people.

"There was much excitement in the camp that night. The people were happy to have fresh meat, and the hunters were more quiet than usual. They were talking quietly of Pheasant and how he had beat them all in this hunt. Pheasant soon appeared and went to his usual place by the campfire. The hunters began asking him questions right away.

"'How is it that you shot so straight today?' asked Wolf.

"'It is my feathers,' replied Pheasant. 'When I put one of my own feathers on the arrow, I never miss. I can even get an animal that is very far away. Only my feathers will work to make the arrow go straight and far.'

"After that the hunters had a new respect for Pheasant's hunting ability. All continued to hunt. Sometimes they were successful, and other times they were not.

"Mountain Eagle was a good man. When he heard of the manner in which Pheasant used his feathers on his arrows, Mountain Eagle decided he would like to try his own feathers. When Mountain Eagle went out to hunt, his arrow turned and missed the deer. Mountain Eagle's feathers were too wide and too thin.

"The other hunters asked Pheasant if they could get feathers from him when they needed them for hunting. Pheasant answered. 'My feathers keep me warm. If I were to allow you to take feathers whenever you wanted them, I would get cold. I cannot give you any feathers.' Pheasant noticed how disappointed the hunters were at his reply. He decided to make a compromise. He knew the hunters might get mean toward him. Cougar even attempted to jump Pheasant. 'I will tell you what,' Pheasant said, 'I will give one person a feather of mine, but you must decide among yourselves who will get the feather.'

"Black Eagle from the mountains was present, and in the end the hunters decided that he should be the one to get the feather. Black Eagle made an arrow and brought it to Pheasant to receive his feather. Pheasant put the feather on Black Eagle's arrow. Pheasant instructed Black Eagle, 'When you are hunting and shoot game, just bring the arrow back to me and I will fix it right away.'

"Black Eagle went on his hunt. When he saw a deer, he aimed and shot his arrow. The deer died, and Black Eagle took home much meat. This proved to the other hunters that Pheasant was a good person. He was the best hunter and a real sportsman.

"After awhile, however, the other hunters became jealous of Pheasant and tried to fight with him . Pheasant knew they could harm him if they really wanted to. 'Please do me no harm,' Pheasant pleaded. 'I do not consider myself important because of the hunting contest. When I am hungry I go out for meat. I do not abuse my power and I am not greedy.' After considering what Pheasant told them, the hunters left and did not bother Pheasant in this manner again.

"Another man was in the mountains at that time. This man was called Changer.

It was Changer who made the earth as we know it today. He changed the hunters as well as the rocks, trees and all manner of life. Changer and Pheasant met and became friends. 'This is your fate, Pheasant. You will be a good hunter, but the Indian people are coming now. I am going to make it so they will be able to receive your power. You will be a good spirit. If young Indian people receive your power, they also will become good hunters.'

"A long time passed. The Indian people came. They told their children to go up into the mountains and look for a power to make them good and brave. One Indian boy went up in the mountains and met Pheasant and took Pheasant for his power. Pheasant explained about the contest to decide the best hunter. 'It does not matter if bigger men go out to hunt with you, young man' Pheasant said. 'You will always be a good hunter and be the first to kill game.'

"When the young Indian boy returned from the mountains, he found that he was indeed the best hunter."

Tsapah looked around at the children who had been listening intently to the story of Pheasant. "Now that you have heard the story and thought about what happened, what kind of a person was Pheasant?"

"I know, Tsapah!" exclaimed Lance as he waved his arm in the air. "Pheasant was a quiet person, but a good person."

"That's right," said Marvin. "He proved he was the best hunter because he knew it to be true. But Pheasant did not have to brag or be noisy about it."

Tsapah said, "Good, you are good listeners. Even if you are good at something, and you know it, you do not have to brag and tell everyone about it. You will know it in your heart and be able to have the skill even if you not brag about it."

"I think you could see, too, when the other hunters wanted to fight with Pheasant because of their jealousy, Pheasant found a better way out of it. The hunters were satisfied and went on their way, and left Pheasant to live his life the way he wanted." Tsapah concluded, "Remember, being big and boastful does not show people that you are the best. Say nothing, and proving you are good has greater influence."

Miss Moses stood and said, "Thank you Tsapah for being with us today. I know the children enjoyed this afternoon and will have much to think about when they remember the story of Pheasant."

Lance had been so involved with the story that he felt as if he had just awakened from a dream. Tsapah rose slowly from the floor and said, "I am glad, young people, that I came here to share this story with you. I must go now, but you think about everything. Live to be people with good hearts and good spirits. Don't pull all your feathers out." The children laughed as Tsapah mentioned their feathers.

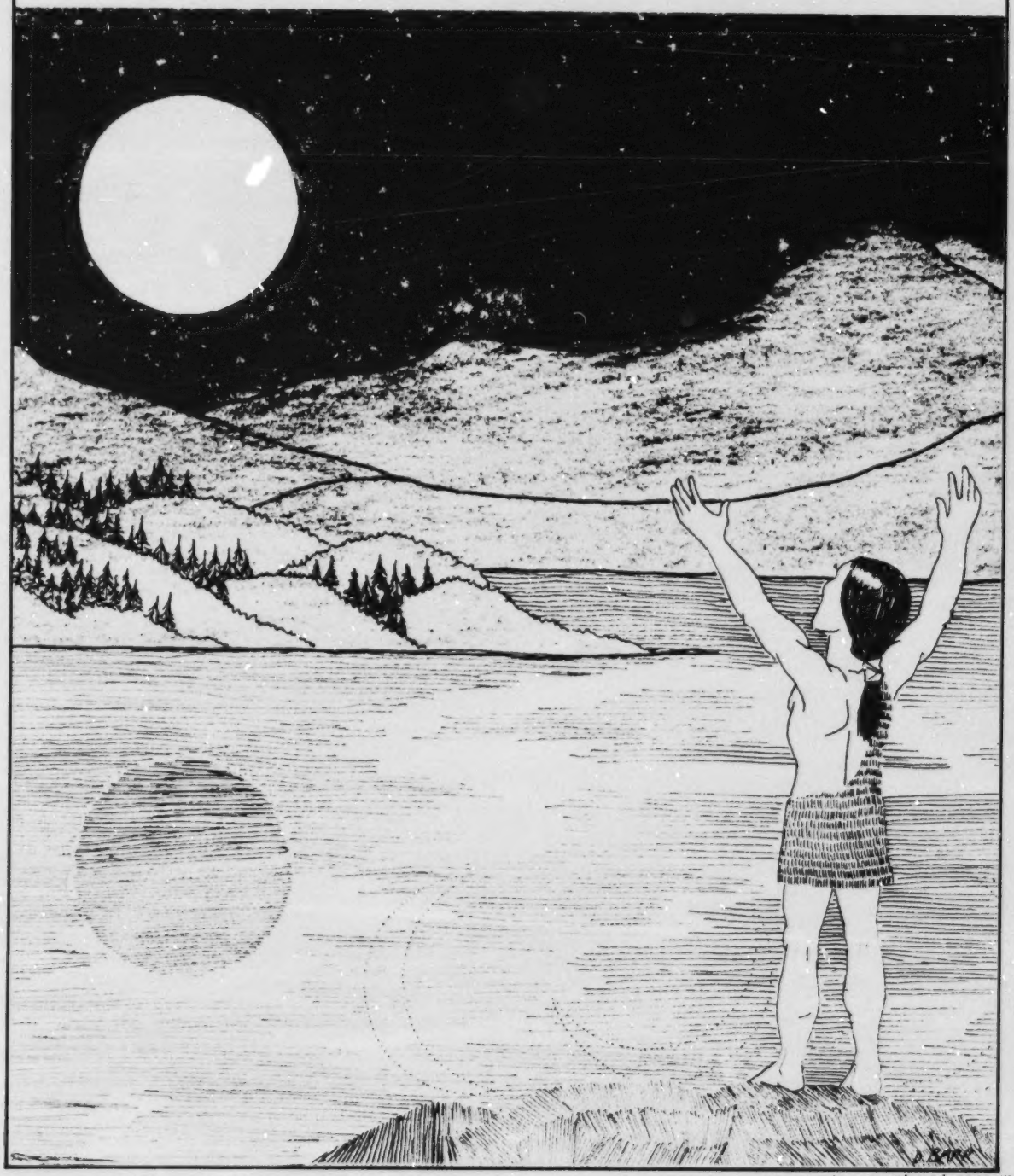
Miss Moses walked with Tsapah to the door. He raised his hand to the children in a final wave to say goodbye. The children waved back, and there was a chorus of "Goodbye, Tsapah! Goodbye! Please come again, Tsapah!"

Miss Moses had a little trouble keeping the children's minds on their afternoon studies. She knew the afternoon session with Tsapah was a big success. Tsapah's

story left a good feeling in the room. The children were light-hearted and happy. She knew this would have to happen again.

MOON

(Muckleshoot)



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Developed by the Muckleshoot Curriculum Committee

Charlotte Williams, Coordinator

The preparation of this story, *Moon,* was aided by Eva Jerry, Ollie Wilbur, Elizabeth Bargala and Debra Barr, all residents of Muckleshoot Indian Reservation; and Patricia Noel, employee of the Auburn School District.

Moon was adapted from *Moon, The Transformer,* told to Arthur Ballard and published by the University of Washington Publications in Anthropology, Vol. 3, 1929. Arthur Ballard grew up in Auburn. After high school, he attended the University of Washington and became an anthropologist who spent his lifetime among the Muckleshoot Indians and collected artifacts and recorded history. The story was originally told by Snoqualmie Charlie who resided on the Muckleshoot Reservation and was related to a large membership of the tribe. The typed version of *Moon* was verified by Ollie Wilbur.

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Developed by the Pacific Northwest Indian Reading and Language Development Program, Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory, 300 Southwest Sixth Avenue, Portland, Oregon 97204

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MOON

(Muckleshoot)

Two sisters, their father and their grandparents lived by the river. The sisters went to dig fern roots on the prairie. When night came clear and starry, they remained on the prairie because they were tired and didn't want to travel the long distance to their home. They lay down. As they lay there, the younger sister looked up and saw the stars looking down. She wished the shining white star was her husband and the shining red star was her elder sister's husband.

The elder sister told her younger sister to stop wishing, for she suspected what would happen if she kept talking about the stars. The younger sister would not stop. After awhile the two sisters went to sleep. When they awoke in the morning, they were in the Sky Country, lying beside star men. The sisters did not know where they were. There was no wind. There was only calm.

The younger sister learned that her husband, the one shining white, was an old man. But the one shining red was a young man in the prime of life. All around them were many people. These were star people, relatives of their husbands.

Life in the Sky Country was the same as on Earth. The star women had to go out and dig fern roots and the star men would hunt game. The two sisters said, "Let us go and dig fern roots too."

The first day

They brought many fern roots home. They prepared their store, cooked it, and the people ate it. Fern roots were delicious and tasted like bananas when fixed in a special way, cooked over the campfire.

The second day

The two sisters dug many fern roots and brought them home. They prepared their store, and cooked it. The people ate it, as they had done on the first day.

The third day

The sisters went out to dig. Their husbands warned them, "When you find the roots with your digging sticks, do not follow those that go straight down. Dig only the roots that spread out."

Time passed. The elder sister became pregnant. The younger sister grieved when she found out. She would sit near the fire where the smoke would blow in her face in order that the people might not know that the tears were from weeping. She grieved because she had an old man for a husband.

Every day the sisters would go out and dig fern roots. While out, they asked

each other, "Why is it that our husbands tell us not to follow the roots that go straight down?" After they had talked of this, they said, "We shall try it."

A long time passed. A boy-child was born to the elder sister. After the child was born, the sisters did not go out to dig. They waited until the child grew strong. After the baby became strong, they said, "let us go out and dig more fern roots. They went out and took the baby along. When their husbands went to hunt game each day, the women went with the child to dig.

They said, "We shall follow the roots down and see how far they go." They dug. They followed the roots down till they reached the 'earth's sky'. When they dug through, the wind came up through the hole. The women finally knew where they were. They knew this was the Sky Country.

Because the wind came up, the hunters knew that something was wrong. They came running to the spot where the women were digging and asked, "What is wrong?"

But the women had plugged the hole through which the wind had been blowing and answered, "Nothing is wrong." The men went back to the hunt. After this happened, the women did not feel right. They soon went home.

The next day they went to dig fern roots and gather cedar boughs. In the morning they gathered boughs and laid them at the place where the hole in the sky had been. In the afternoon they gathered fern roots, but only a few.

The next day the two sisters went out to dig as before. In the morning they gathered cedar boughs and again laid them near the secret spot. In the afternoon they dug a few fern roots, just as on the first day. The third and the fourth days they went out and did the same.

The hunters became suspicious. The husband of the elder sister asked her, "What is the reason you do not gather enough fern roots?"

The wife replied, "The baby cries, and I have to dig alone while my sister looks after the baby."

The fifth day they went out. Instead of cutting, the sisters twisted the branches into rope. This work took them all day and they dug even fewer roots than on the previous days. For the next four days they twisted rope. They brought home very few roots.

They continued to twist rope to make a rope ladder. The tenth day they went out. Instead of making the ladder, they dug the hole and passed the ladder down through it, hoping it would reach the earth. They shook the ladder and found it was not long enough. They drew it back again.

The next day the two sisters gathered more cedar limbs — all this unknown to their husbands. Each day they would bring back only a few roots. For several days they continued to twist more rope to make the ladder longer.

On the fourteenth day they went immediately to the hole in the sky. They hung the ladder and found that it reached to earth. The younger sister stepped through the hole onto the ladder. The elder sister handed the baby to the younger sister, and following her, closed the hole in the sky and caused a forest to grow where the prairie had been, so the hunters, searching, might not be able to find them. Then,

when all was ready, the two sisters with the baby descended the ladder to earth, their original home.

When the two sisters had been taken up into the sky, their parents did not know where they had gone and had been grieving for them all the time. All the while, they had been gathering the various Bird People who were the best doctors to be found. The people continued to dance and sing. Bluejay, Squirrel and others tried with their spirit power to find the sisters. None could find them because their spirit helpers were not strong enough.

Most of the doctors had given up the task and had gone home. Few were left, dancing and singing, when the women reached the ground. But the news quickly spread. The two sisters had come from the sky. As the people gathered, the two sisters made the ladder into a swing and caused it to swing back and forth. The sisters' father told the people to have fun, to enjoy themselves, and swing on the ladder his daughters had made. The people celebrated the homecoming by sporting on the swing.

From Footprint to Camping Place, a half day's journey, they swing. At Footprint one would spring and at Camping Place he would alight. The latter place is north of the river, and from there one can see the bay. The white people call it Mount Si. Footprint is south of the river. It is called Rattlesnake Mountain by the white people.

Mount Si has bitterroots growing there now. People came from as far away as Yakima to celebrate the homecoming of the two sisters. They brought bitterroots with them for lunch. Some of the roots were planted and started to grow there.

Now, while the sisters were enjoying themselves with the people swinging, their blind old Grandmother Toad was caring for the baby "Moon." She was swinging the baby on the swing, putting him to sleep. He was tied to the babyboard. After a time, while Grandmother Toad was singing, the baby ceased crying and became quite. The grandmother began to sing, "This feels like rotten wood instead of a baby."

Old Grandmother Toad did not know that Dog Salmon had come and had stolen the baby. He had unwrapped him from the cradleboard and put in a stick of rotten wood in place of the baby.

While swinging on the sky ladder the mother of Moon passed by and heard the old lady singing, "This feels like rotten wood instead of a baby." She came over to the place and found it was indeed rotten wood instead of a baby. The people found out the baby was gone but no one knew who had taken him.

Again all the people gathered the greatest doctors who could be summoned. "Which one will guess who has taken him?" they wondered.

While the two sisters were weeping for the baby, they took the diaper woven of cedar bark, dipped it in river water an wrung it out. Five times they did so. The fifth time there was a cry that sounded like a baby. The cry was from a big sturdy child, a boy, who had been transformed from the cedar bark diaper and had come to console the people for their sorrow in losing the other baby (Moon). This boy was Sun, the brother of Moon.

The doctors all gathered. They danced and sang. Bluejay revealed who had taken the baby and where he was.

Yellowhammer was the first bird to go in search of the baby. Yellowhammer came to a place where the earth was separating and striking together. The baby was on the side of this place. When Yellowhammer came to this place, he could not go through. He was not quick enough. Yellowhammer came back and said, "The baby is where we thought but beyond, in a difficult place."

Then Woodpecker went, but he could not get through and came back. Raven was the third to undertake the journey. He went half way to the place but became hungry and came back without ever having reached his goal. He said, "The baby is over there but I could do nothing."

Then Osprey set out. He went only as far as the open-and-shut place and came back.

Finally, Bluejay set out. He was the one who knew where the baby was. When Bluejay started, he did not go straight, but sailed up and down, singing. Bluejay reached the difficult place and sat and watched to see how fast it was going up and down. He thought he could go through the place safely. He decided he would try. Whe he tried to pass through, the earth caught his head and made it flat. That's why his head is that way now. Once through he sang for gladness, "Kai, Kai, Kai." (Kai means "bringing news".)

After this, Bluejay flew to the place where the baby had been taken. The baby was young Moon, now a grown man, with a boy of his own. Bluejay passed. The man picked up some flakings and threw them in Bluejay's eye, saying, "Why are you flying here? I do not feel right. I feel sadness every day."

Bluejay replied to Moon, "Child, I came here for you." Then the young man turned about and cleansed the eyes of Bluejay. "I came for you," Bluejay continued. "Your mother, your aunt and all your people are mourning for you."

Young Moon replied, "I shall not go at once. After a time I shall go but not with you, Bluejay."

"I'm afraid of that place," said Bluejay. "I'm afraid to go back." But Moon gave him a staff, sharp on both ends, and told thim to pry the place apart and get through without hurting himself further. When Bluejay returned, he did as Moon had instructed him to do and got through the dangerous place safely. He arrived home, flying as before, Singing and exulting, "Kai, kai, Kai, kai."

The people thought, "Bluejay has the baby now."

When he got home he told the mother and aunt, "Moon will come after a time, but slowly. He is a big man now, full grown and has a boy of his own."

The people at the place where Moon lived were Dog Salmon. They were the ones who had taken him to their home. There, Moon had taken a wife from among the Dog Salmon people. After Bluejay had come, Moon wondered, "What shall I do with these people I'm staying with?" He was also concerned about what he should do with his boy when he left. He pondered the matter until he concluded, "I shall leave my boy here." He made ready to leave. The people were making merry. Moon bid them good-bye.

Moon turned about, caressed his boy and said "Son, I am going to leave you now." But when Moon started to go, his boy called "Father!" A second time Moon caressed the boy and started away. He went a little farther this time before the boy called, "Father!" Moon went back to him. Moon cut a lock of hair from the right side of his son's head and left his son holding the lock of hair in his right hand.

Moon started up the river. He drove the Dog Salmon ahead of him saying, "The new generation is coming now, and you shall be food for the people, oh, Dog Salmon." Thus, Moon began his working of changing things upon the earth.

Moon had first said, "Dog Salmon, go downstream." Afterwards, Moon wondered if he had made a mistake and said, "Dog Salmon, go upstream." If Moon had not changed his mind, the dog salmon would have run upstream all the time and would never go down to the bay as they do now. Dog Salmon were thick along the river. People used to walk across the river on their backs, they were so thick. Seagulls used to eat out their eyes. That's why some of the fish have no eyes.

Moon came to a group of people who were fighting. "What are you doing?" he asked.

"Fighting," they said.

"Why?" he asked them. "You must not fight each other." Then he transformed them into birds or stones.

At the next place, Moon came to a multitude of little slaves who would scatter out and then come back. "What are you doing?" he asked, and turned them into sandpipers.

At the next place Moon found people fishing. "What are you doing?" he asked.

"We are fishing to get food," they said.

"Very well," said Moon and turned them into sawbill ducks.

At the fourth place Moon found people in a swamp looking for food. "What are you doing?" he asked.

"We are working, trying to get food," they said. Moon gathered them together and let them go. They became mallard ducks.

At the fifth place Moon came upon a people gathered upon a sandy beach. "What are you doing?" he asked.

"This is our land, our abiding place," they said.

Moon took them up and put them back as clams. Moon said, "You shall be good food for the people."

Moon came next to people arguing about the length of day and night. One said, "We shall have daylight every year."

The other said, "We shall have daylight every day." The latter was Ant, and even as she was talking, she was drawing her belt tighter, so that now she has a tiny waist. The other one who thought that a day should last a year was Bear. So he now sleeps every winter but is out in summer.

At the next place Moon came upon Deer making spear points of bone and singing, "This is what I am making to kill Moon." While he was still singing, Deer looked up and saw Moon standing there before him. "Making a weapon to kill Moon," said Deer.

"What?" said Moon. "Let me see it." Deer gave it to Moon. Moon placed the spear point upon the wrist of Deer and turned him into a deer (as we now know him), saying, "You shall be something good to eat."

Moon next came to Mink. "What are you doing?" Moon asked. "Are you strong?" He turned Mink into stone. As soon as Moon left him, Mink recovered himself and gave a cry, as he does now. Returning, Moon said, "I shall make something out of you." He took Mink to a lake and turned him into a stick leaning out of the water. Moon left him again.

Mink rose and and again cried, "You could not turn me into anything."

Moon went back again and studied a long time, asking himself, "What shall I do with Mink to get the better of him?" Then he took Mink, sliced him up into small pieces and threw him in all directions. He had turned him into a small animal, which is how mink are now. Mink would have overcome Moon if Moon had not cut him up.

Moon went on and came to a place where four women were fighting, pulling each other's hair. They were preparing themselves to deal with Moon when he would come to change them. Moon came and stood looking at them. They did not know him to be the Changer. Moon asked, "What are you doing?"

The four women said, "We are practicing so we may know how to contend with Changer when he comes.

Moon cast them into the mud, saying, "You shall grow and be something good to eat." Then the women became what they are now. They are maidenhair fern, skunk cabbage, wild artichoke and sand rush.

Afterwards, Moon came to a man who was working, making a lake. That man was Beaver. Moon asked, "What are working on?"

Beaver said, "I am making this so the water will come and soak up the little trees, so that I shall be able to eat the bark." Moon summoned the man and turned him into a beaver.

Moon said, "You shall be good food for the people to eat. Stay in the lake the rest of your life."

Later, Moon found a man dragging a great many salmon. That man was Land-otter. Moon asked, "How do you catch salmon?"

"Oh, I catch them after my own fashion," said Land-otter.

Moon called the man to him, saying, "You shall catch salmon as you have been catching them before." At that moment Land-otter seized the salmon in his teeth, catching them in his own fashion.

By this time Moon had become very hungry. He went along and came to a place where Cat was roasting a salmon by the fire. While the salmon was roasting Cat turned it over and all at once became sleepy. He thought, "I shall sleep while the salmon is roasting." It was Moon who had made him sleepy.

When Cat had fallen asleep, Moon came and took the roast salmon. He ate nearly all of it. Then he took a portion of the salmon, went to Cat and rubbed a little on his teeth, cheeks and forehead. The marks now show as stripes on his face. When Cat awoke, he looked over to where the salmon had been, not knowing he

had been asleep, and wondered what had become of his salmon. He felt about and felt his teeth. "I must have eaten it," he said, he was not sure.

He became thirsty and went down to the river for a drink. Each time he stooped down for a drink he saw his image in the water and threw himself back, frightened, not knowing he had been turned into a wildcat while asleep. He soon became wild and ran away.

Moon came to five brothers playing. Their game was to sing, "Fire, fire." Then fire would start and spread all about, threatening everything with destruction. Moon asked the brothers, "What are you doing?"

"Just playing," they answered.

"Sing that song," said Moon.

"No," they said, "it would not be good for you. If we should, harm might come to you." But they sang, as Moon wanted, and when the five sang, "Fire, fire," flames of fire spread all about and caught every object on fire. The rocks became hot, the water boiled and the world was on fire. Moon was frightened and did not know which way to go.

Finally, he heard a voice shouting, "This way, my grandson." It was the voice of Trail. Fire can go over but does not burn Trail. Moon hastened to the safekeeping of Trail who saved his life. The escape of Moon was narrow, for his wolfskin quiver, hanging from his back, was singed a little. Then Moon said to the five brothers, "You shall be set in separate places so that, if fire starts, it may be put out." Now, fire is not so violent. A fire such as the five brothers could start would destroy the world.

Moon went on and came to a river. He saw an old man on the other side, sitting in front of his house. Echo was the man's name. Moon called Echo, "Bring the canoe across."

Echo teased Moon by repeating the same words, "Bring the canoe across. Bring the canoe across."

Again Moon called, "Bring the canoe across." Again Echo mocked him. A third time Moon called to the man, and a third time the man mockingly repeated the words. Then Moon swam the river.

As soon as the old man saw Moon coming, his belly became swollen with fear, and he crept with difficulty into the house. As Moon drew near and entered the house, he asked the old man, "Why did you not bring the canoe across for me?" and Echo repeated the same words. Both became angry. Moon asked, "Which way did your relatives go?"

"Which way did your relatives go?" answered Echo. Five times Moon asked the question and five times Echo replied. Moon thought Echo had relatives, but he had none at all. Only his entrails, hanging from a rack in baskets about the walls, were his relatives. Becoming angry, Moon cried out "I'll kill you."

"I'll kill you," answered Echo. Five times Moon spoke, and five times Echo repeated Moon's words.

They fought. Echo almost overpowered Moon. The creatures in the baskets wound themselves all around Moon and bound him so he could scarcely move.

Then a bird appeared and told Moon to tip over the baskets. Moon tipped over the baskets, five of them, and then he changed Echo to echo as we know it now. Moon wished good fortune to the bird who had helped him and went on his way.

Moon journeyed far. He came to a place where he heard someone pounding. It was Blue Heron, using his head for a hammer. As Blue Heron pounded he sang a song, "Pounding, pounding with the side of my head."

The stones, sticks and trees were alive, so Blue Heron could not use them. If he took up a stick, the stick struck him. If he picked up a stone, the stone pelted him. He was compelled to use his head to hammer with. Moon came close to Blue Heron. Moon asked, "What are you doing?"

Blue Heron said, "Grandchild, I am trying my best to work. The salmon in the river I cannot catch. If I try to make a fishing spear from a stick, the stick will just whip me, and as for the stones, they will pelt me."

Moon said, "Pick up stones." Blue Heron picked up the stones. They pelted him all over and he cried out. Moon took the stones and struck them together, then gave them to Blue Heron. The Moon said to Stone, "Hereafter you shall be just a stone. People will cast you into the stream to scare salmon. You shall not be harmful to anyone."

Moon asked Blue Heron, "Why do you not gather those poles for fishing spears and use them?"

Blue Heron said, "No, they will whip me." Blue Heron gathered poles. They whipped him and he cried out.

Moon took a pole, broke it in two and struck the pieces together. He gave the pieces to Blue Heron and said to Pole, "Hereafter people will use you to spear salmon. You cannot of yourself give harm to anyone." Then Moon addressed Blue Heron, "Come here and I shall make you over in a better form." Moon took Blue Heron by his bill and it became long. "Go out now and fish," said Moon. Blue Heron waded out in the water and found that he was perfected. He could spear salmon with his bill. Then said Moon, "From now on there shall be a generation of beings and they shall be blue herons." And so it is to this day.

Moon came to the place which is now known as Snoqualmie Falls, near that place where he was stolen as a child. It was then that a fish weir made of wood closed so the salmon could not go up the stream. Most of the people who owned the trap lived on the prairie above. Moon turned the fish weir into a waterfall. Moon addressed the waterfall thus: "You, Waterfall, shall be a lofty cataract. Birds flying over you will fall and people shall gather them up and eat them. Deer coming down the stream will perish and the people shall have them for food."

After making Snoqualmie Falls, Moon passed on to the prairie, the home of his mother. All the grown people were digging roots. Entering a house, Moon saw a small boy. The boy went to a shelf whereon stood a basket full of dried salmon. The boy reached for a piece of dried salmon. (Now, in the old days it was not permitted for a boy to eat unless his parents were at home.) All the fish came to life. Basket and all rolled into the river. Moon appearing, asked, "What is wrong?"

The boy answered, "I went for dried salmon in the basket. It escaped me and rolled into the river."

Moon thought to himself, "It is best to have fish above the falls." Moon attempted to turn the dried fish into living salmon, but they crumbled into pieces. There are no fish above the falls.

After his failure Moon said, "As for the people of the new generation, if a man sees a female dog salmon leap from the water above the falls, his wife or daughter will die. If a woman sees a male dog salmon leap from the water above the falls, her husband or son will die. If a person sees a salmon, male or female, leap from the water, above the falls some relative will die." And thus it is that misfortune is in store for anyone who sees the dog salmon above the falls.

The people came back from digging roots. Moon's mother, aunt and all his relatives had gone. Moon said, "I have come back. I will make you over and perfect you." Moon gathered people from everywhere to display their powers and to see who should act as the sun by day and who should act as the moon by night. Moon and his younger brother Sun were holding back to see who of the people would attempt to give light.

Yellowhammer thought he should be the one to give light by day. Yellowhammer traveled during the day as sun. He gave very little light. He did not do well. He did not satisfy the people.

Raven tried out as moon. He went up at night. It became so dark that no one could see. He threw a shadow upon the earth.

Coyote tried as moon. He went up in the air slowly, looking about. He was a failure. He only looked around at the people.

Woodpecker, the elder brother of Yellowhammer, tried out as sun. He gave no sunshine. He was a failure and gave up.

Then hummingbird tried out as sun. He gave some light, but he traveled too fast, and the day was too short.

By this time the two brothers, Moon and Sun, come to be looked upon as leaders. Sun said to Moon, "You had best be the sun and travel in the daytime." As soon as he rose in the morning, everything became hot. The water boiled and fire started everywhere. The people were not satisfied.

At a meeting the next day the people said, "It is too hot. If Moon travels every day he will destroy everything."

Moon said to Sun, "I think you will be suitable. You will satisfy the people better if you travel in the daytime." Sun then gave it a try. He gave good bright sunshine and everything was pleasing. He satisfied the people.

At this time Sun said to Moon, "You had better try traveling at night and see how it will be." Moon made his trial by night. He rose early in the evening, and as he shined he gave a cool frosty light, and the people were well satisfied.

Thus, when Sun gave light by day and Moon gave light by night, all were satisfied. Now, once or twice a year Moon and Sun meet. When they meet, there is an eclipse.

The world changed. The people changed to birds and animals of all kinds. Grandmother Toad can now be seen in the moon at night.

After Moon had returned home, and before the trial to see who should give

light, Moon had said, "The swing will be there forever, and if the people wish to go up to the sky, they can get whatever they want."

But Rat gnawed the rope and swing fell to the ground, so the people could not climb. At the close of the trial the swing fell and Rat fell with it. Moon then said, "The people shall have a swing to have fun upon, but it will no longer be so high." Moon pronounced a curse upon Rat saying, "You shall be nothing but a rat. You will gnaw and steal what people want and destroy whatever is good."

The name of the place that the sisters used when starting upon the swing is Footprint. The footprints are on the hill yet, four of them which the people made in starting themselves upon the swing. The other place Camping Place is named for a person living at that time. Camping Place was a chief of a people in the mountains, and Moon made him a mountain. His two wives were Snail and Chipmunk. Snail kicked Chipmunk and she fell. She is a little mountain off by herself. The people all sitting around, looking, were at that time turned to stone. They are all there yet on the mountain. The stones are like people, breaking all the time. When a stone breaks off, it is a sign of ill-luck and predicts the death of a chief.

After Moon had changed everything, and before he entered upon his work of giving light, he created the various people. He created all the rivers as they are now. He made the White, the Green, the Cedar, the Puyallup and the other rivers. He placed a man and wife upon river. He placed another couple upon another river. Each couple became a group of people on each river. Each group of people had a name, Muckleshoot, Puyallup, Yakima and others.

Moon said, "Fish shall run up these rivers. They shall belong to each group of people on their own river. The people shall make their own living from the fish, deer and other wild game." These couples increased until many people were on these rivers. This is why the Indians have multiplied. It is all the work of Moon and no one else but Moon.

THE MEMORABLE CHIEFS

(Blackfeet)

Developed by the Blackfeet Indians

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Carmen Bullshoe Marceau
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Printed and bound in the United States of America

THE MEMORABLE CHIEFS

(Blackfeet)

Many years ago before the coming of the non-Indian people to what we now refer to as the United States of America, the Piegans (Blackfeet Indian Tribe) had their own form of government. Much communication was carried out using gestures, sounds, signals, sign language and drawings which portrayed a story or message. They also used physical materials such as rocks and sticks. This type of communication was not used only on an individual basis, but also with large groups.

At that time, one tribe had several encampments. Each of these encampments had leaders or chiefs. The tribe did not need a long document that included hundreds and hundreds of pages to direct the people. People lived by honesty, trust, sincerity and spiritual guidance.

The people followed the wisdom of their leaders. These leaders or chiefs were males and held positions of authority. The females also had duties and a rightful place in the tribe.

To qualify for a chief, a warrior had to perform many tasks. The chief's position could also be handed down from a chief to his son. The son would have to do something outstanding. He had to prove himself first before he could receive a chieftainship.

The chief would teach his son what to do. He would train the son through childhood. The son would follow the chief around and gain from the chief's experience. Many times the chief would lay a number of sticks down in a row on one side. As the son accomplished a task, a stick would be put over on the other side. This same process was followed until all the suggested tasks were done.

Usually the eldest son would be in line for the chieftainship. If he could not accomplish these tasks or was not interested, a younger son would be trained. The tasks were very difficult, and it took days, even years to accomplish them all. One task might be that a son would have to go alone in the wilderness for many days. He had to provide his own protection, shelter and food. Another task might be that a boy would fast (go without food) for days. He might go to the mountains, cliffs, among the trees, or maybe on a raft floating around on a lake. This seeking a vision or power was a type of bond between son and father.

The Piegan used the sun and moon for their calendar. They set up their meetings according to the full moon. When there was a full moon, the chiefs came together at the head chief's lodge. If it was a nice day, they met in front of the lodge. If the day was bad, they met inside.

There were several encampments for the tribe. Each encampment had about

two hundred lodges in it and ranged about a half-mile apart. Each one had four chiefs. One of these chiefs was the head of that particular encampment. All the chiefs came together to meet with the head chief at his lodge. The head chief held the position as chief of all the Piegan Tribe.

These meetings of the chiefs might be held to decide to move closer to the buffalo so the encampment could obtain food better. They might also decide to send scouts (upcoming chiefs) to search for the food or buffalo herds. These scouts would come back and report to the Chief's council. The chiefs of each encampment would then go back to meet with their group to decide further directions.

There was also a person called the camp crier. This person went out every morning early to let the people know what was going to take place. Another person went out every evening for the same purpose. There were men ready for immediate messages. These camp criers could run for miles at a time.

The chief's meetings were held with great honor and respect. They were always giving thanks and consideration to a higher power. They came dressed in their best regalia. They took time to make decisions because their decisions were made on behalf of the thousands of Piegan people.

A CULTURAL CHANGE

(Blackfeet)

Developed by the Blackfeet Indians

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A CULTURAL CHANGE

(Blackfeet)

Our chiefs have been the leaders of the Blackfeet Tribe. These chiefs started training as small children. They performed many difficult tasks to prove themselves worthy before they held positions as chiefs. This took many years. They had to continue to maintain their positions, perform their duties and make decisions. They had to be in good physical condition and use sound judgment.

After the coming of the non-Indian people to Blackfeet country, a drastic change came about. This had a great effect on our cultural way of life. This new way was totally different from the ways of the past. Our living, decision making, type of administration and life style have all changed.

The Blackfeet people were placed under the supervision of the Bureau of Indian Affairs which long ago was a branch of the War Department. In 1851 the Blackfeet Reservation was established in Montana with the Treaty of Fort Laramie. At that time, the Blackfeet were placed under the supervision of the Department of the Interior. The Bureau of Indian Affairs had main control of government and decision making. The Blackfeet people essentially remained there until the Indian Reorganization Act of 1934. This is also known as the Wheeler Howard Act. This act recognized tribes as nations. It spelled out that any tribe which became chartered and adopted a constitution would become a legally recognized corporation.

The Blackfeet wrote a charter and adopted a constitution which is still in effect. The tribe became a self-governing body in 1936. This move brought about an election of tribal members which is now known as the Blackfeet Tribal Business Council.

An election is held in June on even-numbered years. Blackfeet members are elected from four districts on the reservation. There used to be thirteen members, but now the council consists of nine. The council members are elected by a popular vote of the Blackfeet people. The election is supervised by the Bureau of Indian Affairs Superintendent of the Reservation. After the nine members have been elected, they have the power within their own group to elect a chairman, vice-chairman, secretary and several different committees.

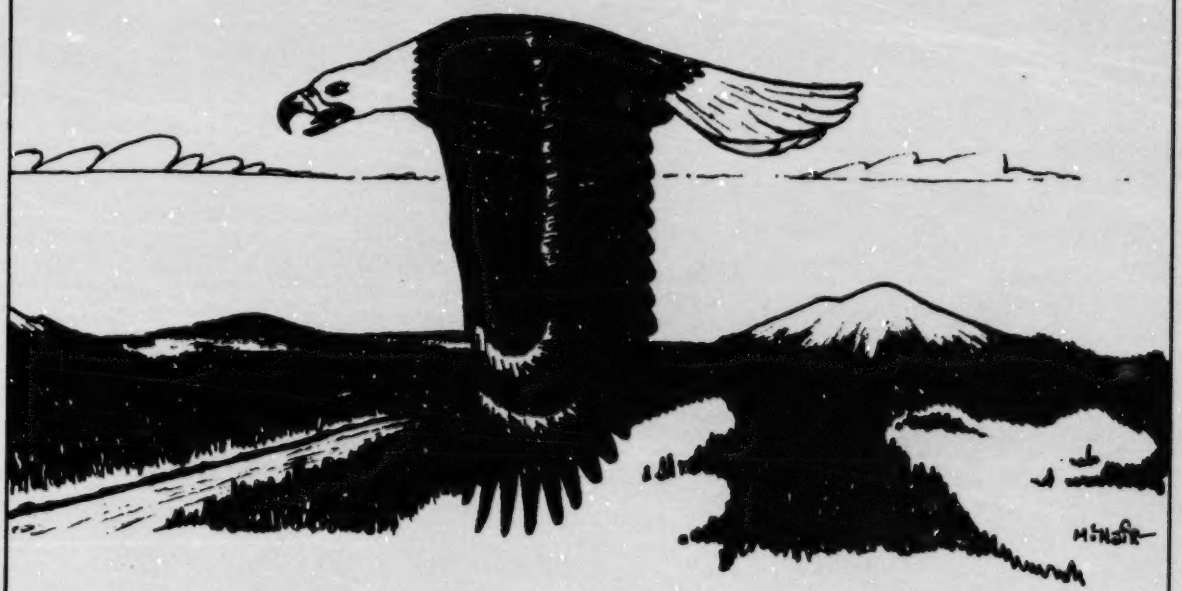
We do have an Honorary Council which is made up of elderly people, but they are not elected. They volunteer. They share their ideas and their knowledge and make suggestions and comments.

We also still have a traditional chief. This particular position has been handed down from one generation to another. This position follows in our traditional way rather than the contemporary way. The Blackfeet Tribal Business Council has

become the main governing body with decision making power for the Reservation. They do, of course, work in conjunction with the Bureau of Indian Affairs and the United States Government.

HOW EAGLE BECAME LEADER OF ALL BIRDS

(Klamath)



Developed by members of the Klamath, Modoc and Paiute Committee

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Printed and bound in the United States of America

HOW EAGLE BECAME LEADER OF ALL BIRDS

(Klamath)

Years ago, birds were like people. They walked around and they could talk just like humans. The only difference was that they could fly. These birds admired the humans in their villages because everything always went smoothly. The birds had one problem. They didn't have a leader.

The Indian poeple didn't have this problem. The Indian children had their parents. The Indian parents had their parents. They all had their chief and holy men and they had the Great Spirit. They all had someone to follow and it worked!

One day all of the birds decided to hold a council meeting. They chose the Owl to lead their council meeting because he was said to be the wisest. Old Owl got up in front of all the birds from near and far and said, "On behalf of all birdkind, I thank you for coming to this meeting. As you know, life for us has been tough. What we need is a strong and faithful leader!"

All of the birds agreed to this and then began discussing just who should be the leader. After a long discussion, they finally came up with two names, Hawk and Eagle.

"These are both very fine birds, I'm sure," said old Owl, "but we still have a problem. We must choose between the two. Does any bird have any idea as to how we are supposed to make this choice?"

"I propose a contest of skill!" said a voice from the crowd. All of the birds agreed to the contest.

"All right, a contest it is!" yelled old Owl. "Both Hawk and Eagle shall have to prove themselves in flight." Owl went on, "The one who can fly the highest shall be our leader. Eagle, Hawk, you both have five days to prepare yourselves for the contest," said Owl. "In five days we shall hold the contest and determine just who our leader shall be."

After the meeting broke up, the two chosen birds began preparing themselves. They went through different preparations. They both knew that they had to be physically fit, as well as mentally fit, in order to complete their appointed task.

Finally the day of the contest arrived, and both contestants were ready. All of the birds gathered around as the Hawk was chosen to be the first. Up he flew, higher and higher, until he was almost out of sight. "Golly! He's way, way up there!" said a voice from the crowd.

Soon Hawk began to circle as he was descending to earth. Finally, he landed in front of the judges and the crowd cheered.

Next was Eagle's turn. Off flew Eagle to try and beat the height of Hawk. Up

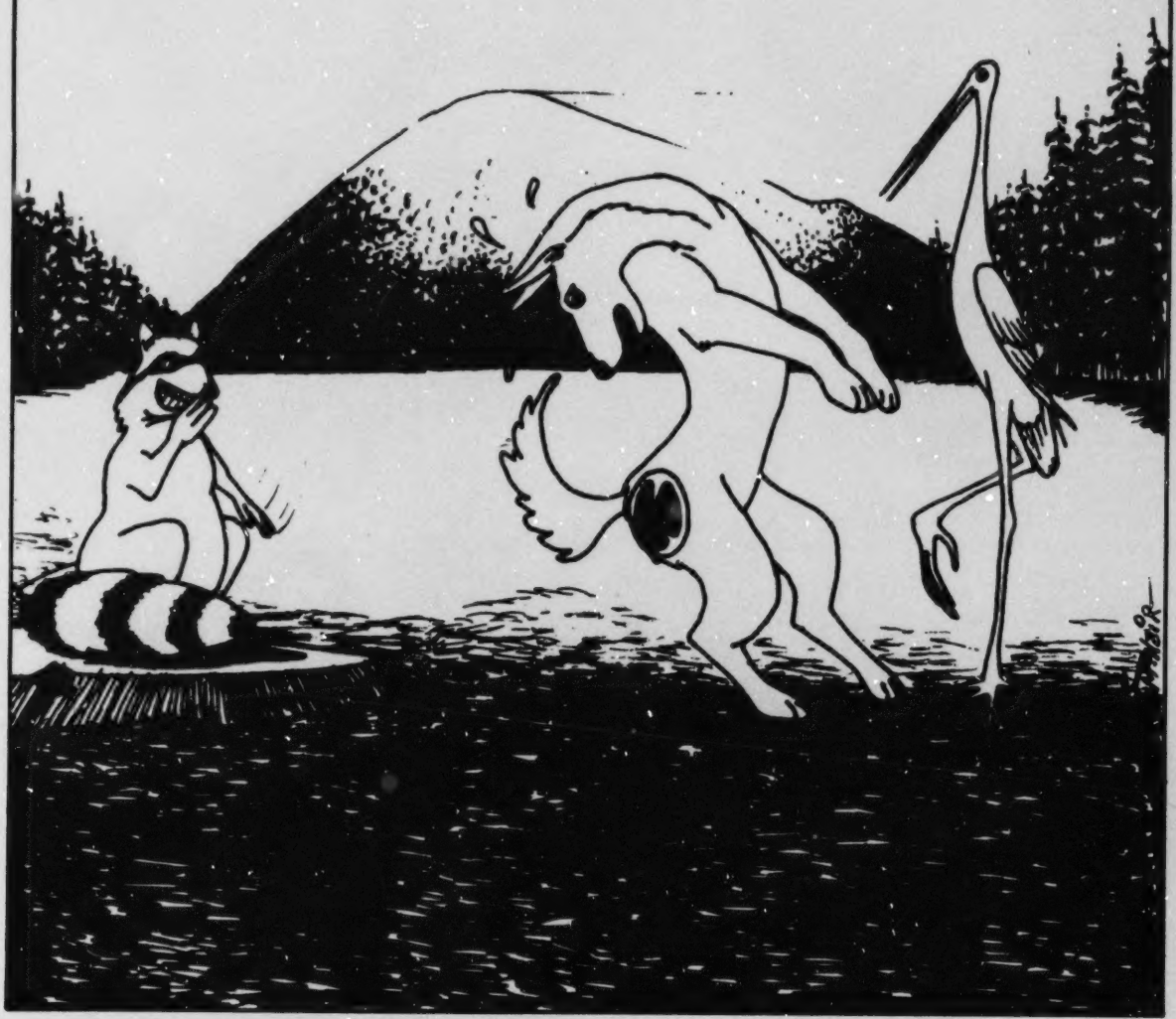
he flew, higher and higher, until he was almost out of sight. "Wow! He's way, way, way up there, and he's still going!" said a voice from the crowd. Yes, Eagle few up and out of sight. He began circling as he was descending back to earth. He finally landed in front of the judges and the cheering crowd.

"Well, well," said old Owl, "that was quite a flight! And for showing us that you have mastered the art of flying, you are now our new leader." Owl added, "As for you Hawk, you are still very important to us. Don't feel left out."

And from that day on, the Eagle had become more than just a leader for the birds. He is used in Indian ceremonies, rituals and gatherings. In later years he was chosen to be the National Bird of America.

COYOTE AND CRANE

(Klamath)



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Printed and bound in the United States of America

COYOTE AND CRANE

(Klamath)

A long, long time ago when all animals were like people there lived Coyote. You may already know that to the Indians and animals Coyote was a trickster. Now Coyote was a somewhat better trickster than his brothers of today, or for that matter, his brothers then. This Coyote was always getting more than his share of anything and everything. It seems some of the other animals invited Coyote over to lunch or dinner, and before Coyote left, the host was sorry for even inviting him. This was how much of a trickster old Coyote was.

On the other hand, there was old Crane. Old Crane was not a bit like Coyote. Crane always asked Coyote, "Why don't you come over to my place tonight for dinner. We'll have crawfish." Coyote always refused Crane's offer. To Coyote, going over to Crane's was degrading. Besides, Coyote already had friends such as squirrel, racoon, bear and others. To Coyote these animals were rich and important friends. Poor old Crane didn't even rate among Coyote's friends.

Later on old Crane again asked Coyote over for a fish dinner. Again Coyote turned down the offer. Coyote said he had more important things to do. Poor old Crane was hurt. He wondered why Coyote hated him so. Old Crane finally sat down and began to figure things out. He saw how Coyote had used all of the other animals in the village. He also saw that all of Coyote's so-called "far better" friends just sat around while Coyote robbed them. They did nothing about it.

Crane became angry. He was mad, not only at Coyote, but at the animals Coyote hurt. They allowed this to happen. That is what really angered him. "I'll get that old Coyote!" vowed the angry Crane.

That night Crane went over to Coyote's house. Crane waited outside until he thought Coyote was asleep. He slipped inside. Once inside, he found Coyote sleeping on the floor of his den. Crane began poking Coyote with a stick and tossing small stones at him to see if he would be wakened easily. This did not wake Coyote. Seeing this, Crane took his knife and carved a section off Coyote's rump. Having completed this without waking Coyote, Crane went home with his prize.

The next day when Crane saw Coyote he invited him and some of his good friends over for a steak dinner. Coyote, hoping to rob Crane, agreed. "We'll be over this evening, so cook plenty!" Coyote said.

Crane, with a twinkle replied, "I'll be ready. Oh, and don't forget your friends." Crane immediately set to his cooking.

Later, when Coyote and his friends arrived, Crane invited them in. Each smelled the meat cooking and thought, "Crane must be a good cook."

Coyote said, "Mr. Crane, that has to be the best roast I've ever smelled!"

To this Crane replied, "Wait until you taste it!"

Soon all sat down to the best dinner ever served in their village. Coyote especially was impressed. He had to remark, "Mr. Crane, all this time I thought of you as a nobody. But now I can see that I was wrong. I think we may be the best of friends." he went on, "By the way, where did you ever find a steak so delicious as this?"

Crane looked at Coyote in amazement and then began to laugh. "I have been watching you steal from everyone else, Coyote. You have lied your way into their homes. You have tricked them into believing good things about you. But," yelled Crane, still laughing, "this time the trick is on you! That delicious steak you have been eating is your own rump."

Hearing this, Coyote became very sick, and all of his "far better" friends began to laugh at him. From that day on, Coyote has been shunned by his animal friends and everybody else. Even today he is considered to be a crook by farmers. Coyote had made quite a name for himself which has lasted throughout history.

NINA SAVES ROAN

(Shoalwater Bay)

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NINA SAVES ROAN

(Shoalwater Bay)

Nina Saves Roan is a story about Nina Charley Bumgardner as a young girl on Shoalwater Bay in the early 1900's. Nina is a Shoalwater Bay Indian who now lives in Taholah, Washington on the Quinault Reservation. She is the daughter of Chief Roland Charley. Her love and respect for animals saved the life of a colt named Roan.

The Shoalwater Bay Indians lived for hundreds of years in the area now called Willapa Bay which is on the west coast of the state of Washington. Long ago Nina's people traveled back and forth from Bay Center to Nampsch'ats, visiting friends and relatives. Nampsch'ats was the name of the old Indian village that is now called the Shoalwater Bay Indian Reservation. In the Quinalt language, Nampsch'ats means "Behind The Big Water." Back then, the Indians traveled in dugout cedar canoes and lived in long houses built of long cedar planks. Nina's family, however, lived in a wooden house much like you might find in your own neighborhood. During Nina's youth, travel across the bay had changed from canoes to steamboats.

While Nina was home on school vacation, she visited her older sister Lizzie. Lizzie married Johnson George the previous year and had moved to a small town called Bay Center. At that time there were as many as three hundred Indians living in Bay Center. Mail was carried to Bay Center on the steamboat Shamrock. Nina rode the Shamrock when she went to visit her sister. The cost of riding the Shamrock was 25 cents.

She had only spent two days at Lizzie's house when there was an urgent knock on the door. There was a young boy standing on the porch with a paper in his hand. "Hi Nina. Mr. Tom Olsen from the store asked me to bring this message to you. He said it was an emergency." He handed the message to Nina and ran off. Nina wondered if it was bad news. She stood in the door and looked at the wrinkled piece of paper. There in the storekeeper's big handwriting were the words, "Emergency! From your Dad. Come home!"

Nina said to herself, "Dad wouldn't send for me unless it was a real emergency." She hoped no one was hurt or sick at home.

Lizzie had been standing behind Nina the whole time. "We better get you into the washtub," Lizzie said. Bathing in a washtub was not an easy task. Lizzie heated a large kettle of water on the wood stove in the kitchen and then poured it into the metal washtub with some cool water. Nina scrubbed from head to toe and then got dressed for her trip home. She stood in the doorway of the kitchen as

Lizzie scurried around packing things into Nina's carpet bag. "We had better hurry. The mailboat gets in at noon and it's already 11:30!" exclaimed Lizzie.

As the two sisters started down the wooden walkway toward the dock, they spotted the Shamrock. It was just arriving. "Just in time," gasped Lizzie. She gave Nina a hug and a kiss and said goodbye. Nina stepped onto the Shamrock. "Goodbye, goodbye, come back soon," called Lizzie.

Nina reached into her pocked for her fare as she walked toward old Captain Reed. "Your fare is all paid, Nina. Mr. Kindred paid it for you." Nina was even more puzzled now. Why would Mr. Kindred pay her fare home?

"I don't understand."

"Well, they want you home, that's all I know," replied Captain Reed.

Nina stood at the side of the steamboat watching the ripples in the water and the seagulls gliding overhead during the twenty-minute ride to the other side of the bay. Her eyebrows were furrowed, "I wonder why Papa wants me home." Looking up, Nina realized the Shamrock was already pulling in to the dock at Tokeland. Tokeland was named after a chief in Nina's tribe called Old Toke. She had heard many stories about him from her father, Chief Charley.

As Nina stepped off the boat, she saw a big black car waiting for someone from the steamer. Oh, how she wished it was for her. "What's going on? What's going on, anyway?" she asked Joe, the handyman from the Tokeland Hotel. Joe was driving the car. He opened the door for her.

"Get in! You'll see in a few minutes," he answered. Off they drove toward the Tokeland Hotel two miles away. Although the hotel was four miles from the reservation, it was a place often visited by the Indians on the bay. Mrs. Kindred, the owner's wife, collected many baskets and much beadwork from the Shoalwater Indians. People came from miles away to see her famous collection. (Today that collection is on loan to the State Capitol Museum in Olympia, Washington.)

As the car drew near the hotel, it slowed down and Nina could see a group of people gathered near the corral. There was Mr. Kindred and Chief Charley waiting for her. Nina hurried to her father who was holding a bundle under his arm. "Hello, Papa, what's the emergency?"

"Here's your clothes, honey. Go change." He handed Nina the bundle from under his arm. It was her boots, leather jodhpurs and middy blouse.

Again Nina asked, "Well, what's going on?"

Chief Charley explained to Nina that Mr. Kindred's colt Roan had a terrible accident. While he was running across the field, he stepped on a large spike and it had gone right through his back hoof. "But why did you send for me?" asked Nina.

Her father answered, "You are good with animals, Nina. They trust you. Roan needs special help."

She asked her father, "Did they try to take the spike out?"

"Oh, yes," said Chief Charley, "but Roan bares his teeth and tries to bite anyone who comes close to him. He paws at them with his front hoofs."

"Well, what makes you think I can help him?"

"I think you can do it, honey. You have a special gift with animals. They know you love them. I'll pray for you."

Nina walked off with her clothes in hand and returned shortly. She walked toward the corral where the injured colt stood. Several people had gathered to watch. Mr. Kindred waved and smiled, "Nina, I'm so glad you are here. I do hope you can help Roan." Mr. Kindred handed Nina a large nail puller, a small bottle of medicine and a rope to hold the horse.

Nina knew how valuable Roan was. He was a very expensive Arabian horse, and Mr. Kindred was very fond of the little colt. "I will see what I can do. I'll try!" Nina was shaking and scared as she climbed through the pole fence and started across the corral toward Roan. Roan whinnied softly and perked his ears up as she came close to him. "Well, at least his ears aren't down in anger," Nina thought. She started talking to Roan and moved closer.

"What's happened to you? What did you do that for, you poor boy? Didn't you know that would hurt your hoof? You shouldn't have done that. Didn't you see that spike?" Roan kept looking at Nina and she reached out to pet him. Nina knew she must take the rope off her arm and slip it though the metal ring on his halter. She turned to the group of onlookers and signaled them to be quiet and still. They must be quiet as church mice.

Nina kept talking to Roan and patting him. "You're a good boy. You're a good boy."

Roan continued his low whinny. He was saying to Nina, "That's okay, please help me." She got the rope tied through the ring. Next, Nina stooped down near Roan's back hoof. She slipped the nail puller out of her pocket and moved slowly toward the spiked hoof. No one said a word. Not a single person moved. Even the birds seemed to have stopped their usual twittering back and forth. Everyone watched and waited. The loose end of the rope was on the ground next to the injured hoof, for now Nina must have both hands free. If Roan were to run, Nina would grab the rope. She carefully lifted the colt's hoof up and looked at the spike.

Nina thought, "I must use all my strength. I'll only have one chance to pull that spike out." She knew it would hurt Roan. She whispered, "This is going to hurt a little bit, but you'll be all right." Nina carefully got a hold of the spike and yanked as hard as she could. In a flash, the spike was free from Roan's hoof. "I did it!" she thought, "I did it!"

Roan put his hoof down and started to hobble around. Nina grabbed the loose end of the rope so Roan could not take off across the corral. "I'm not through with you yet," she said, reaching for the medicine bottle in her back pocket. She pulled the cork out with her teeth. She let go of the rope and bent down again, talking to Roan softly. "We still have something to do." Lifting the hoof up, she poured the medicine on Roan's injury. Nina noticed that the hoof was already clean. Roan had been holding it up in the air for a long time. Reaching for the loose end of the rope again, she stood up and raised her hand to signal that it was all over.

At that moment all the smiling people standing around the corral fence began hollering and clapping their hands. Nina, indeed, had a way with animals. Nina

led Roan over to Mr. Kindred and handed him the rope. Mr. Kindred reached into the pocket of his overalls and pulled out a ten dollar gold piece and handed it to Nina.

"Oh, it's nothing," Nina said.

But he insisted, "If I had sent for the horse doctor, it would have cost me more than that." Nina took the gold piece. She handed it to her father.

Chief Charley looked at her, "You're the one that earned it."

Nina retorted, "I didn't do anything. You're the one who sent for me."

Nina had always been taught when you do something for somebody, you do not have your hand out to be paid. You do it because it is good to help people and animals. Nina turned to her father, "Thank you for sending for me, Papa." Chief Charley smiled. Nina was a very good daughter.

ADVENTURES ON AN ISLAND

(Shoalwater Bay)

Developed by the members of the Shoalwater Bay Curriculum Committee

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ADVENTURES ON AN ISLAND

(Shoalwater Bay)

On a sunny afternoon many years ago, an Indian family landed their cedar dugout canoe on Long Island at the south end of Shoalwater Bay. They planned to stay on the island for several days and dig little-neck clams. They would dry and smoke the clams over a bed of hot rocks and coals. After the clams were dried they would pack them in baskets for trading with upriver or inland Indians. The inland Indians loved saltwater clams. They did not have clams and they would trade beaver pelts, deerskin, camas bulbs and other materials for them. This Indian family came to Long Island because it had an abundant supply of clams which were easy to harvest. Many Indians on the bay gathered clams here. Lots of old clam shell piles dotted the island shore.

"John, you and Sam do not leave," said Mother. "You boys must help set up camp and unload the canoe. You can go play afterwards." John was twelve years old and Sam was eleven. They were the two boys in the family and they had a sister named Mary who was nine.

They had with them a three-year-old mongrel dog named Shag. He had gotten this name because of his long, scruffy, matted, dark fur. He was not a smart dog but he was gentle and made a good pet. He had a habit of getting into mischief.

Father was a fisherman and fur trapper. Mother made beautiful Indian baskets to sell and trade and she also ran the household. They had towed their small shallow water canoe with them. This canoe was used by Mother for gathering basket weaving material in the sloughs and marshes near their village. The boys would use it to explore the island.

They left their village on the north shore of the bay. Father and the boys paddled their dugout canoe out to the deep channel and moved with the incoming tide. As the tide got higher, a northwest wind increased and Mother helped them raise a small sail. With the tide and wind going in their direction, they made the trip to Long Island faster then Father had expected. He was pleased with the journey.

Father and the boys made a lean-to frame with poles they found on the beach and in the island woods. Mother tied cedar bark mats on the framework. She overlapped the mats, like shingles, so the water would run off if it should rain. Soon they had a nice shelter with one open side. The next task was to dig a pit in the ground, fill it with rocks, and build a fire over the rocks. The work was hard, but they all pitched in. Soon they had a rock bottom fire pit they would use all the time they were on the island.

"Children, we must gather wood for the fire. We will need lots of it," said

Mother. Father and the boys gathered driftwood and placed it near the pit. Mother and Mary unloaded food, supplies and tools from the large canoe. Next they gathered loose seaweed to use in the clam drying process. When camp was set up and everything was in order, Father built a fire, using a hard rock and flint with dry grass for kindling. Mother and Mary prepared a meal of dried salmon and fresh berries.

After the meal everyone was tired from the day's work, so they just sat around the fire and talked, then went to bed early. "John, I can hardly wait for tomorrow," said Sam.

"I can't either," said John. "There are so many things to explore on this island." As they dozed off, they could hear the ocean surf rolling on the beach on the other side of the peninsula.

Shoalwater Bay is located on the northwest coast. It is a large bay when the tide is high, but when the tide is far out, the bay is nearly dry. The area then is nearly all mudflats and sand bars, with only the main channels containing water. In many areas these mudflats are full of oysters and clams. A distinct feature of the bay is a long, sandy, tree-covered peninsula that begins near the mouth of the Columbia River and extends nearly thirty miles to the North. At that end the trees stop and the peninsula turns into a pointed sandspit that tapers off into the sea. Shoalwater Bay opens north of this peninsula. The peninsula protects the bay from the Pacific Ocean and forms the east boundary. The boundary on the west side of the bay is formed by tree covered clay banks and short sandy beaches. The distance from the peninsula to Long Island is about one mile.

Long Island is nearly seven miles long. It is tree-covered with thick underbrush. The width of the island is roughly a mile to a mile and a half but in one area it spreads out to nearly two miles. At the south end is a grass clearing where elk often feed. Often, huge flocks of ducks and geese rest here on their annual migrations. Deer and bear also make the island their home. Elk and deer trails do exist in the dense underbrush, but to one not familiar with this rough country, travel through the brush looks impossible. This is where the family would spend the next several days.

Early the next morning, the entire family was up and busy. Mother put more wood on the fire, and the rest of the family gathered small, succulent, hardshell clams. They dug the clams, put them in spruce baskets, washed them in a pool of water and emptied them near the fire. Harvesting the clams was simiple since the clams were just barely under the surface. Some were even on top of the mud. They dug into the mud with sticks until they located a clam or a huge bed of clams. The family picked out a whole layer with their hands at a time. They could fill a basket in a very short time. Before long they had all the clams they could take care of for a day. Then they ate a good morning meal that mother had prepared while they were digging. "John, Sam and Shag may explore the island after we finish the first batch of clams," said Mother.

"Oh, thank you," said Sam.

Father spread the hot coals over the rocks, and the boys spread bushels of clams

over the rocks and covered them with seaweed. As the clams became hot, the water inside the clams seeped out onto the rocks and created hot steam which caused the clams to open. The seaweed kept the steam trapped, creating more heat. In about a half hour mother removed the seaweed, exposing the clams which were now open.

"Now the tiresome part begins," said Mother. "We must remove the clams from the shell and place them on the sharp sticks which Father has brought from the woods." After Mother showed them how to place the clams on the sticks, everyone helped, and soon the sticks were filled. Mother then pushed the ends of the sticks in the ground around the fire so the clams would dry. After they dried, Mother and Mary put the clams in baskets and placed the baskets in the shelter.

The children had eaten some of the fresh clams. They were so delicious that the children almost made themselves sick eating so many. They knew the clams would not taste as good or be as tender after they were dried, but the inland Indians were still very fond of them. When the clams were dry, Mother told the boys they could go. The tide was nearly up to the beach. Father told the boys to stay on the camp side of the island and to not go any farther than the sound end of the island.

John and Sam pushed the little canoe into the water. They pulled Shag into the canoe and directed it down the island's west side, waving to Father, Mother and Mary. The day was beautiful and sunny. The sky was blue, and the water also appeared blue from the reflection. The boys paddled leisurely along the island enjoying the scenery about them. Seagulls were soaring high above them, and the ravens and crows were scolding from the island beaches. The island was completely covered with conifer trees, except for the clearing on the southern end. Pigeons fluttered in the treetops. The boys were astonished to see so many different species of birds on one island. Besides seagulls, ravens and crows they saw snipe or sandpipers in great flocks, kingfishers, blue jays and plover. "In the fall, the migrating birds will arrive. There are so many ducks, geese and black brandt that the sky will be black with them," said John. "There will also be the fish ducks and the swimming, diving birds such as the grebes, cormorants, scoters, mergansers and several other types."

"Birds must really love this bay," said Sam.

"Ark! Ark! Ark!" The boys were startled when they rounded a point and saw a great blue heron flying away, making its raucous noise of alarm.

"That's a year-round resident, and he's angry with us for scaring him away from his fishing place," said John.

In the distance, high up in the sky, they could see two bald eagles soaring, searching the beaches for something to eat. "I think this bay ought to be named Bird Bay, there are so many birds," said Sam. "What is that over there?" asked Sam.

John turned to look. About fifty feet away he saw a round shiny head, with a pair of large gleaming eyes staring at him. "It's a seal!" said John, "It's gray. I think it's a young one." The boys paddled slowly and cautiously toward the seal, but when they were a canoe length away, the round head with whiskers and no

ears sank out of sight. The boys kept going, and there it was again about fifty feet ahead of them. When they neared the seal, Shag began to bark, and the seal disappeared again. "Shag, bad dog," said Sam. Shag lowered his head in shame and did not bark again.

The seal played this game with the boys until they realized they had nearly reached the cleared field at the island's south end. The seal would let them get almost up to it and then sink out of sight again. The boys had ideas of catching it and making it a pet. They didn't realize they didn't have a chance of capturing it unless it was on land. "Look, John, isn't that an island over there?" said Sam. A short distance away from the end of Long Island, less than a half mile away, sat a small, round island a few hundred yards from the mainland.

"Yes, it's an island," said John. "I've heard some of the older people talk of it. I've heard tales that it was a Chinook Indian burial ground. That's probably the reason Father doesn't want us to go any further." The island was very small, looked perfectly round and was fully covered with trees. The shore around it appeared to be made up of small rocks. "I'm curious," said John. "We could paddle to the island, walk completely around it, get into our canoe and be on our way in a short time. The tide is almost high now, we have lots of water."

"But remember what Father said," protested Sam.

"I know," said John, "but he didn't really warn us to stay away from Round Island. I think he just didn't want us to get too far away, and we have lots of time." Sam's curiousity too, was greater than his fear and soon they had beached their canoe on the island and were walking around it. "I know father would disapprove of us coming here," said John, "let's just keep this a secret, Sam."

They had never been on an island such as this. It was perfectly round. Rocks and bits of small driftwood and grass covered the narrow beach. "The beach is covered with water during the winter tides, I would guess," said John. Shag was darting in and out of the brushy woods, but the boys had no plans of going into the brush. They were thinking that if it was an old burial ground, there must be old canoes containing bones there. It was a beautiful day so these thoughts did not frighten them.

Suddenly, Shag began barking furiously ahead of them. The boys, thinking he may have come upon a bird or an animal, ran to see what it was. As they rounded more of the island they saw the stern end of a canoe in the water. They saw the front of it up on the beach, and there was Shag bristled up, standing stiffly, barking. What he was barking at froze the boys in their tracks. There stood one of the largest, fiercest looking Indians they had ever seen! He was dressed only in a cedar bark loin cloth. Nothing covered his huge chest, which had several ugly scars the full length of it. His face was scarred, and it appeared that one eye was missing, but the other one glared at them fiercely. He had black hair to his shoulders. The boys could feel their hearts pounding wildly in their chests. They didn't know if this creature was human or not. He had a knife in one hand and a chunk of dried meat in the other.

All at once, the brute moved toward them, uttering a sound in a strange

language. When he opened his mouth, they saw that several teeth were missing. When the giant moved, the boys turned and ran faster than they had ever run before. They did not feel the rocks under their bare feet but they could feel the wind in their face. They were far ahead of Shag when they reached their canoe. With strength they did not know they had, they pushed the canoe off the beach and were several yards off shore before Shag caught up with them. They pulled him into the canoe and paddled farther away from the island before they dared look back. The huge Indian, a frightening grin on his face, was standing at the water's edge waving for them to return. The Indian watched them for a short time, then turned and walked away. That was when they noticed he had a bad limp and probably could not have caught them.

They stopped paddling and just sat in the canoe, catching their breath. They were sick with fright and wished they were back at their camp. When they recovered, they set a course for camp and did not stop paddling until they were safely home. Mother, Father and Mary were working on the last of the clams when the boys reached camp. John and Sam went to work immediately. John packed more driftwood and Sam gathered more loose seaweed for the clam pit. "My, you boys are sure ambitious today," said Mother. "I thought you'd be tired after your canoe trip."

"I did not expect you home this early," said Father.

"We got hungry and decided to come back sooner," said Sam.

"Hungry! You two ate enough clams to last most people for two days," said Mother.

"Paddling a canoe is sometimes hard work," said Father. The boys did not talk much. They were still shaken from their experience on the little island. Sometimes they would look down the bay to see if the man was coming their way in his canoe. Shag seemed to have forgotten about it. He was sleeping peacefully near the lean-to and appeared not to have a care in the world. The boys dared not tell their parents about Round Island since their father might become angry and not allow them to explore anymore.

"Father and Mary are going to catch some crab out of the tidepools," said Mother. "You boys can help me boil water to cook the crabs."

"Oh, good," said Sam, "I love fresh crab."

When the tide goes out, there are pools of water trapped in low areas. These are called tidepools. They are usually shallow. Almost always there are crabs and small fish left in them until the tide comes back in. Father showed Mary how to catch the crabs using a forked stick. They poked the stick into the sand until they hit a buried crab. When the crab tried to get away, they pitched it on the dry flats and then put it in a basket. Soon they had enough crab for the evening meal. "Oh Father, that was fun," said Mary.

"Good girl," said Father. "You did well. You caught more crabs than I did." Father did not let Mary handle the crabs. They could inflict a bad wound with their powerful claws if one got careless.

While Father and Mary caught the evening meal, John and Sam helped Mother

pack the remainder of the dried clams into the baskets. They then filled a large metal kettle with salt water from a small tidepool and placed it on hot coals. Soon the water was boiling. When Father returned, he put the squirming, kicking crabs into the water and almost immediately, their greenish colored shell turned red in the boiling water. The water from the sea contains just the right amount of salt for cooking crab. Soon the whole family was enjoying a feast of boiled crab and steamed clams.

White people had lived on Shoalwater Bay for nearly ten years now. Almost all of them were oystermen. They hired Indians to gather oysters at low tide and load them on the decks of sailing vessels. They kept the oysters watered down, and when the ship's decks were loaded, the skipper would sail to San Francisco Bay in California. Oyster buyers in San Francisco would pay the Shoalwater men a good price for the oysters.

During the last ten years, the white people had influenced the Indians greatly, especially in the use of tools, style of dress and types of cooking utensils. For example, boiling crab or any other food was much easier using a metal pot over an open fire or stove. Before the pots, Indians had placed hot rocks into a water-filled box until the water boiled. Also, the Indians now used metal instead of shells and bone for knives and other tools. Most of the Indians still clung to their old customs, although they adopted the whiteman's more useful methods.

Father had told his family often that the whiteman was here to stay, and that there were many more in far off lands that would come here to settle. Already the whiteman had control of many lands and was telling the Indians to adopt the new way or go to the reservation. John and Sam liked the Indian way better, but they were wise enough to believe their father. They both felt in their hearts that because of their father's teaching, they could deal with whatever came in the future. Right now though, they were like most Indian children, enjoying the present and the wonders of their surroundings.

After eating their fill of fresh crabs and clams, the family tidied up the camp. Father and Mother rested from their day's work. "Father, there is still time before the sun sets. May we walk around the island to the other side?" asked John.

"Yes, but be back at dusk," said Father.

"We will," said John. The boys and Shag walked around the end of the island and down the other side. They had never seen this side of the island before. The tide was low but a deep channel of water followed the shore of the island. The mainland on this side of the island was not far away. They walked on farther and rounded a point. They saw trees hanging over the channel and decided this was as far as they wanted to go since they did not want to go into the woods to get around those trees. The trees had limbs close to the ground which they could climb to pretend they were lookout guards watching the water for enemy canoes.

When they tired of their game, it was late, and they knew they would have to hurry to reach camp by dusk. As they rounded the point again, they came upon a raccoon near the water's edge. Apparently, the raccoon was out for a night of clam gathering himself. When the raccoon saw them, he turned and ran toward the

woods. Shag saw the raccoon running and became excited and chased after him. "Shag, come back! Come back!" called John. Shag did not stop. When he caught up with the raccoon, they rolled and tumbled in the mud. Shag growled and yelped while the raccoon hissed. Shag was nearly twice as big as the raccoon, but the raccoon was a vicious fighter. The raccoon was on his back with all four feet kicking and clawing. His needle sharp teeth snapped at Shag's throat.

When the boys reached the fight, Shag seemed to be getting the worst of it. When the raccoon saw the boys, it broke loose and ran toward the water. Shag caught up with it at the water's edge. Shag still would not listen to the boys as they called for him to stop. The fight continued at the water's edge. The raccoon kept moving toward deeper water. Shag did not realize that he was being tricked. In following into deeper water where he would have to swim, Shag began to have a hard time. He was slow and clumsy while the raccoon was swift and clever. About thirty feet out, the raccoon circled Shag. Before Shag could turn around the raccoon moved in and climbed on his back. The weight of the racoon forced Shag under several times. Each time he came up he was breathing heavier, snorting and coughing. The raccoon had ahold of one of Shag's ears with his teeth, and the ear was beginning to tear and bleed. Shag panicked now, knowing he could not shake the raccoon.

With a great effort Shag made it to shore. As soon as Shag's feet touched bottom, the raccoon jumped off his back and ran clumsily toward the woods. Shag did not want to chase it. He lay in the mud gasping, coughing and panting. John knelt down by him in the mud and said, "Oh, Shag, you poor dog. We thought you were going to drown. We hope you learned a lesson from this." Other than his torn ear and exhaustion, the dog was okay. Soon he was up, following the boys back to camp. Shag walked slowly with his tail nearly on the ground.

"What happened?" Father asked as they came into camp all muddy. "We were ready to go look for you."

"Shag fought with a raccoon and nearly drowned," said Sam.

"Oh, Shag, you crazy dog. You will learn, though," said Father. Shag just wagged his tail and hung his head. "I don't think he'll go into the water with a raccoon again," said Father.

The boys bathed in the salt water, and mother gave them a change of clothes before they went to bed. "John," Sam said, "I think maybe this is enough adventure for one day."

"You are right, Sam!" said John. Soon they were sound asleep.

They were up early again the next morning gathering and drying clams. Mother said in two more days they would have enough. "I'm glad," said Father. "This work makes me weary."

"Just think of the good things the upriver Indians have to trade for these clams," said Mother.

"I know," said Father, "it is worth all the work." "Soon after we get home we will gather up your baskets, the clams and some of the sea shells I've collected, and we will journey up the Chehalis River to trade. We will return for the salmon

harvest at home and then we will be ready for winter," he continued.

"We should do well in trading this year," said Mother. "We have dried clams, baskets and many beautiful sheashells. The upriver people are eager for what we have, and there are things I want from them also, especially camas bulb."

The boys helped with the clams all day. When the tide was coming in, Father noticed there was someone coming in a canoe.

John and Sam recognized the awful man they had encountered on Round Island. John asked quickly, "Mother, may we go into the woods and cut more sticks for drying clams?"

"We have enough, but if you want to cut more, you may," said Mother. John and Sam went quickly into the woods. Instead of cutting sticks, they peered out of the woods and saw that the big man was beaching his canoe at their camp. "Oh, what does he want?" asked Sam in an excited whisper.

"I don't know," said John, "but I want to stay right here." They saw Father wade out and help pull the canoe onto the beach. The big man got out of his canoe and he and Father talked. The boys were too far away to hear them. Mother and Mary put more clams away, looking at the visitor from time to time. Father and the man talked for an hour and they smoked some tobacco. Finally, they shook hands and the man got into his canoe and paddled away from the island headed north. When he was far down the bay, the boys cut a handful of sticks and came out of the woods.

"You've been gone for over an hour. Are those all the sticks you've cut?" asked Mother. "I just don't understand you boys sometimes." They couldn't tell her that they had been hiding.

"Let's put things in order and load our canoe," said Father. "We are going to the ocean beach to get some whale blubber from a whale that was beached just a couple of days ago."

"How did you find this out, Father?" asked John.

"Pete, the fur trapper from Grays Harbor, told me. Some Indians at the portage between Shoalwater Bay and the Columbia River told him. News travels fast when there is a beached whale. Why did you boys go into the woods when Pete stopped here? You missed an interesting fellow. He has traveled to many places on the coast."

"He kind of scared me," said Sam.

"Well, in spite of his appearance, he is a good man," said Father. "He has a mysterious background. This is only the second time I have talked to him, but I have heard much about him."

"Why is he scarred and crippled?" asked Mother.

"People say he moved down to Grays Harbor from his tribe on Vancouver Island way north of us. One night slave hunters attacked his village. Pete fought savagely along with his tribesmen and killed most of the attackers, and the rest of them left in their canoes. Several people in the village were killed, among them Pete's wife and child. Pete was clubbed and cut so badly he nearly died. When he recovered, he moved down to Grays Harbor and began trapping. It's a lonely life, but that's

the way he chooses to live now. He had been to Chinook on the Columbia. He sold some furs there, then he crossed the portage and stayed on Round Island two nights. Now he is on his way home." John and Sam wondered if he told Father of two boys on Round Island, for surely he must have recognized their little canoe.

Father had everyone load the dry clams in the canoe. He knew no one would bother their camp while they were gone, but he didn't want to take a chance on some wild animal, like a bear, eating their harvest. They took both canoes on the mile-long trip to the peninsula. Father had Mother and Mary stay with the canoes. He and the boys walked the mile across the peninsula to the ocean beach.

They looked up and down the beach, and sure enough, they saw a large object to the south. They walked in that direction until they came to the whale. About twenty Indians were cutting on it. It was a young, black humpback whale. Why it beached, no one knew. Father took off his shirt and cut several big chunks to take back to their canoes. The boys were not too fond of whale blubber, but Father had learned to like it when he was a boy.

When they got back to their canoes on the bay side of the peninsula, Mother and Mary had a fire going. They had smoked fish and dried clams for a meal. Since the tide was out now, they would have to get up in the middle of the night and paddle to the island when it was high again. The boys were thirsty after their hike, so they drank fresh water from seal bladder containers that Mother had in the canoe. Mother spread sleeping mats on the ground, and everyone slept until Father woke them later.

They climbed into the big canoe and paddled for the island, towing the small canoe behind them. The moon and stars were out and the crossing to the island was easy. Upon their return, they placed their mats in the shelter and went back to sleep. Fortunately, nothing had disturbed their camp.

For two more days they gathered and dried clams. The boys continued to explore in their canoe, but had no more unusual experiences. When the day came to leave, the children were just as excited as when they had left home. "It will take us two days to reach home on this trip," said Father. "The wind will be against us, and we have a heavier load with the clams and whale blubber."

When the tide came in, they left Long Island and paddled close to shore on the east side of the bay. They made camp on a short, sandy beach that afternoon. After they set up camp, John, Sam and Shag looked for wild blackberries in the woods. They came face to face with a black bear. The bear let out a "woof" and ran one way while the boys ran another.

"The bears here almost always run," said Father.

"Well, I am always going to run, too!" said Sam. They all laughed.

The next afternoon they arrived at their village on the north shore. "It's nice to be home," said Mother.

"Yes," said Father, "but soon we will be on our way up the Chehalis River to trade."

"May we go see Grandfather and Grandmother?" the children asked all at once. "We want to tell them about our trip."

"Yes, you may go," said Mother. "Father and I will be over later." Grandfather and Grandmother were Mother's parents and they lived a short distance down the beach. Father's parents lived across the bay at Goose Point, and they visited them often, too.

The grandparents and children were happy to see each other. The children told them their stories, except for Round Island. When Mother and Father arrived, a fresh salmon was prepared for the evening meal. It was late when the family returned home. They were content and happy after a good meal and nice visit. That night while lying in bed, Sam asked John, "Do you think Father knows that we disobeyed him and went to Round Island?"

"I don't know," said John. "We will tell him tomorrow."

"Yes, I think we should," said Sam. "Somehow after hearing about Pete, I do not fear him anymore," said Sam.

"No, I even feel sorry for him," said John. "He probably has been a sad and lonely man all these years after what happened."

"We have a lot of things to do yet before winter," said Sam.

"Yes, first we will trade with the inland Indians. When we return home, we will catch lots and lots of salmon. Then we will hunt deer and elk," said John.

"Oh, what good times are coming," said Sam. "It's a wonderful life we live here on Shoalwater Bay." Soon both boys were sound asleep.

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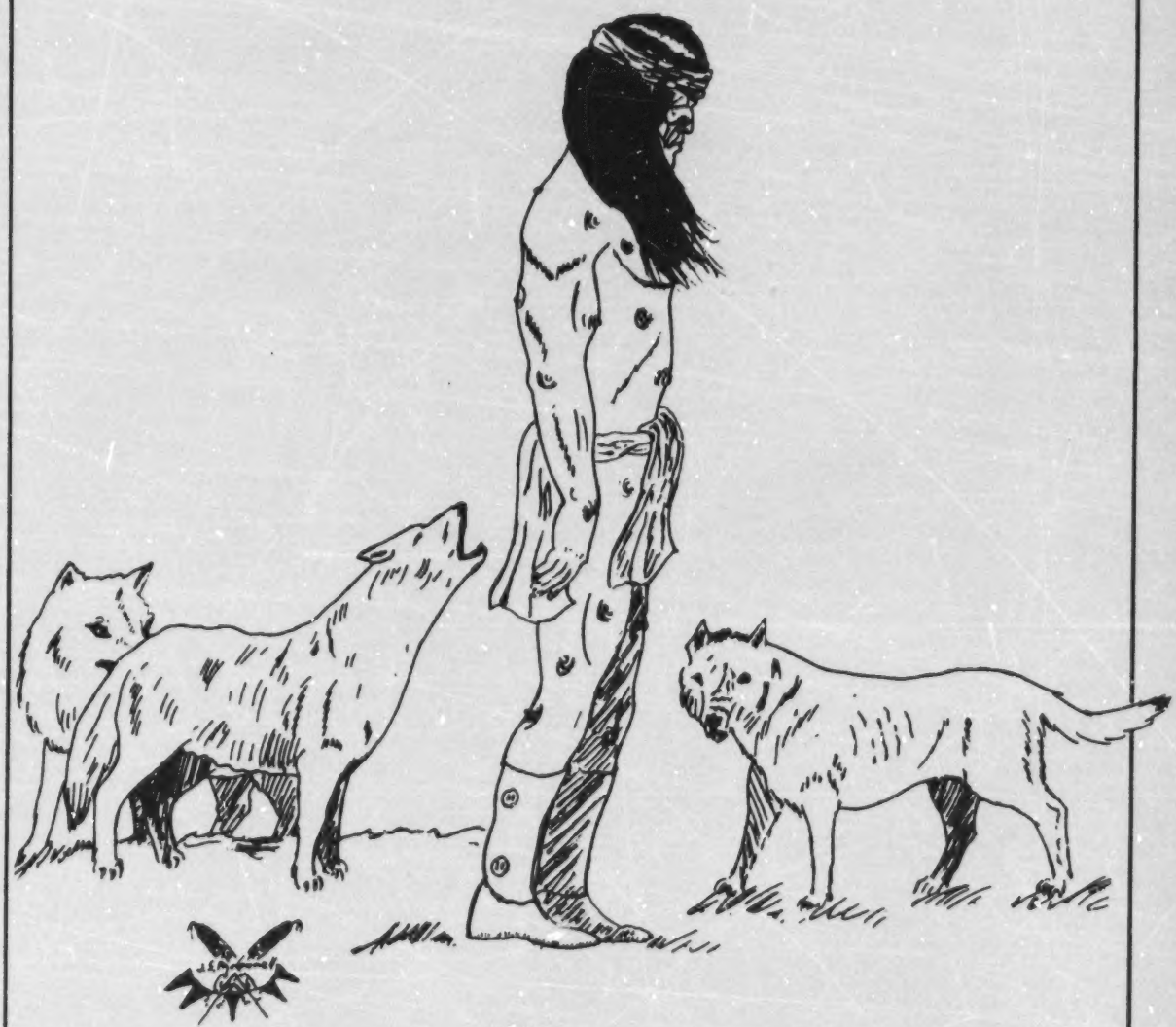
SCABBY BEAR

(Ft. Peck)



Assiniboine Stories

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The work upon which this publication is based was performed pursuant to Contract No. 400-80-0105 with the Educational Equity Group/Multicultural/Bilingual Division of the National Institute of Education. It does not, however, necessarily reflect the views of that agency.

Printed and bound in the United States of America

SCABBY BEAR

(Ft. Peck)

A long time ago, there was a big encampment of Indians. Among them was a little boy who was so covered with sores that he was named Scabby Bear. When Scabby Bear became a teenage boy, he fell in love with the Chief's daughter. The Chief had two daughters. Scabby Bear wanted to marry the oldest daughter, but she would have nothing to do with him. She said, "Who wants to marry you? You're nothing but a scabby boy! No wonder they call you Scabby Bear."

The youngest daughter said, "I'll marry him," and she did. As time went on, Scabby Bear did a lot of hunting. He killed a lot of game for his parents and his in-laws. One morning he and his wife went for a walk and came to a big hill. Scabby Bear told his wife he was going over the hill and didn't want her to follow him. He climbed the hill and was gone for a long time.

After awhile his wife became worried. She thought wild animals, like a pack of wolves, might have killed him, since there were many timber wolves in the area. She was about to go look for him when he returned. She didn't recognize him because all his sores had disappeared. He was a nice looking man. She stared at him as he approached her and she started backing away. Only when he spoke did she recognize him. She grabbed him and hugged and kissed him. When they returned to camp, his in-laws didn't recognize him either. They wondered from where this man had come. They asked their daughter where her husband had gone. She laughed and said, "This is him."

He told them all what had happened. In the old days different people were given powers by the Great Spirit. They could do unbelievable things because of these powers. Scabby Bear used such powers to take all the sores from his body and turn himself into a handsome man.

The oldest daughter of the Chief now wanted to marry him. She tried to get him away from her sister. He reminded her that she had not wanted to marry him when he was covered with sores. "You hated me and would have nothing to do with me. Now that all my sores are gone you want to marry me. I would never marry you."

She became angry and left. She walked around crying. While she was crying a mole appeared to her. The mole said, "Granddaughter, what is the matter?"

She said, "Long ago, there was a young man who wanted to marry me, but he had so many sores that he was ugly and I did not want to marry him. My sister married him and they lived happily for a good many years. One day when they went for a walk, he left her and went over a hill and was gone for a long time. When he came back, his sores were all gone and he was nice looking. Now I want

to marry him and he told me no! That is why I'm downhearted and crying."

The mole said, "Granddaughter, do you know where he always sits in the morning and evening?" She pointed to a hill where he went every morning and evening, looking for buffalo.

The mole said to this young woman, "We'll fix him for not marrying you. Never mind, granddaughter, leave it up to us." She stopped crying and went back to camp.

Early one morning, the young man went up the hill to look for buffalo again. When he sat down, he fell through the ground and landed in a deep hole. The mole had gotten other moles together, and they had made a big tunnel under where he was going to sit. He had not seen it. He was gone all day. His wife began to worry. He had never been gone that long before.

The same day Scabby Bear disappeared, the camp was moving to an area with more game. When the people moved, the young woman remained to wait for her husband. It grew dark and still the parents and the young woman waited. They stayed there that night. The next day they searced all over for him but did not see him anywhere. They decided a timber wolf must have gotten him. Finally they left to follow the rest of the camp westward.

Four days passed before they caught up to the encampment. The young woman mourned for her husband, as did her parents and his parents. They were brokenhearted. They were sure the wolves must have eaten him.

A big pack of wolves came to the place where the encampment had been. The wolves searched for anything they could eat. As the wolves searched, a young wolf pup left the pack and ran around, playing by himself. The pup climbed the hill where the young man had sat. When he saw the hole, the pup walked up and looked. He saw a man lying the hole. The pup ran and told his mother and asked her to come so he could show her.

She said, "No, there's nobody around here. How could there be a man around here?" Finally he coaxed her to the hill where she looked down and saw a man about 20 feet down. The man was pretty weak. He couldn't even call out.

The mother wolf yelled to the leader of the wolves, "There is a man down in a hole and he is alive." The rest of the wolves came running. They looked down and saw that the weak man was barely able to move. He was just skin and bones.

The leader said, "Let's get him out of there." They all got busy because they thought they would have a good meal.

They all dug together. When they finally got to him, one of the young wolves said, "Now can we have a feast?"

The leader said, "No, let us ask the pup that found this man what he wants to do. It's up to him to decide whether we should kill and eat him or let him live."

"I want to keep him. I want him to live. I want him to be my brother," the pup said. The leader agreed and said they should get him out of there and make him a place to stay. They pulled him out of the hole and took him down to the river where there was plenty of water and brush. The wolves made a small shelter for him. The bigger wolves went out hunting and got deer. They brought it back and

put it in front of him but he was so weak he could not eat. The young wolf's mother bit the meat into shreds so the man could chew it. That is the way they fed him every day.

This went on and on until one day he was strong enough to do some cooking. As he had been taught, Scabby Bear used green rawhide for the cooking pot. He dug a hole in the ground and put the hide in the hole to form a pot. Meat and water were placed in the pot. Stones heated in a fire were added to boil the meat.

This went on for over a month until the man was strong enough to make himself a bow and arrows. He used sinew from the deer for his bow string. He was strong enough now so that he could get out and do the hunting for the wolves. He liked them very much and was grateful to them for their care of him. He killed bigger game for them, such as buffalo and moose.

After two weeks the wolf leader told the man, "Your wife and your parents are still mourning for you. They are about a four-day walk from here. Follow the setting sun and you will find where they are living. It is not time for you to go yet but I will tell you when it is. You are not quite well or strong enough for that long walk."

Scabby Bear lived with the wolves and they were all very happy. He continued to hunt and they had plenty to eat. As time passed, the young wolf pup grew. He was pretty big and liked his brother very well. As they played together, the man grew stronger from the exercise. After one full moon the young wolf pup said, "My brother, I think it is time for you to go now. Nobody has told me but I feel that it is time you should be leaving. Don't be afraid, I will always be near you. Anytime you need help, call on me. If needed, I'll get the rest of the wolf pack to help me."

Four days later the wolf leader told Scabby Bear it was time to leave. They would follow along in case some bears or other wild animals tried to attack him. The wolf leader said he should stay close to the timberline because a timber wolf does not like to go out on the prairie too much. "We'll be there to help you. You had better take plenty of food so you won't have to stop."

The man made a lot of dried meat into pemmican. He made enough pemmican to last for four days. He made a water bag out of the bag inside the buffalo that encased the entrails.

"Tomorrow at daybreak you must leave. I'm sorry that you have to go but don't worry. We will always be around in case you run into trouble. If you need help, don't be afraid to call on us. We are willing to help you. You are our only friend. The rest of the people are our enemies," the wolf leader said.

The next morning just before daylight, the man woke. Remembering it was time to leave, he looked around. All the wolves were gone. He knew, however, they must be near. In addition, he had his bow and arrows with him in case he ran into anything that might attack him. He was ready to shoot. He ate breakfast, got his pack, took his pemmican and water bag and started westward.

He walked until the sun was almost overhead. Feeling hungry, he sat down, ate his lunch and rested for awhile. Then he continued west. He stayed close to the

timberline and constantly looked around for wild animals that might attack him. He kept walking until after sunset. That night he fell right to sleep. He slept so soundly that when the wolf pack came to see how he was getting along, he didn't even know they were there. They didn't want to wake him. They slept beside him until just before sunrise.

Just when it was getting daylight the man woke up, had a meal and set out again. He wondered where the wolf pack was and if they had left him for good, but he remembered what the leader had told him. He continued walking for three days.

On the fourth evening of his journey, as he was preparing to sleep, he heard something sneak through the brush toward him. He strung his bow and prepared to defend himself. It was the wolves. The leader said, "Grandson, we have come because tomorrow you reach the camp. It is just over this high hill. In the morning you will see the camp below. I'm going to give you some orders. Remember your sister-in-law. She wanted you to die. She wanted you to starve. She got the moles to dig a big tunnel underneath where you always sat. That is why you broke through the earth and fell into the deep hole. Now, if it wasn't for brother wolf finding you, you would have been dead. You were lucky.

For what we have done for you, you are going to have to give us your sister-in-law. We will kill her and eat her. She must pay for what she has done. There is no one who should kill another person. There's a great punishment when somebody kills another person. That is one of the laws of the Great Spirit."

Scabby Bear said, "All right, Grandfather, I will do what you ask."

The wolf leader said, "You are going to have to wait awhile. I will tell you when to give us your sister-in-law. You can go to bed now. Sleep and in the morning you will be on your own. Each night we have been protecting you while you slept. We guarded you because you must pay back your sister-in-law for what she has done. Give her to us. We will feast on her." When Scabby Bear went to sleep, he was thinking pretty hard, wondering if he should do what the wolf leader had asked him. He went to sleep thinking about it.

When he woke up at daylight, the wolf pack was there. They didn't leave this time. "Well, Grandson, did you have a good night's sleep?" the wolf leader asked.

"Yes, I slept well," Scabby Bear answered.

"When you finish eating Grandson, go to your people's camp. They are going to be surprised to see you, especially your sister-in-law. Don't mention anything about how you got out of the hole or what has happened to you. Don't tell anybody anything. I will tell you when it is time to tell them. Remember these things that I have told you, Grandson, because I am only telling you this once. Go now."

Scabby Bear packed, and soon he climbed the high hill. He got on top of the hill and looked down. He saw the big encampment of people below. He started slowly down the hill. He recognized his tepee and went to it. His parents were just eating breakfast when he rapped on the tepee pole. The father and mother listened. He rapped again and the man got up and went to the door. His father yelled, "Come in! Come in! Son, we are glad you are back. We thought you were dead." Scabby Bear went in, kissed his mother and sat down.

"Where have you been?" they asked him.

"Oh, it's a long story," he said. I've been on a long journey. I got carried away and walked too far, I guess. When I came back, everyone was gone." That's all he told his parents. "Well, I'm going to go to my wife."

He went to where she was camped with her parents.

He rapped on the tepee poles. They all listened to see who it was. The father got up and when he stepped outside, his son-in-law was standing there. He was so thrilled, he grabbed him and hugged him, "Come in! Come in!" he said, "Just in time to eat." When Scabby Bear went in, his sister-in-law looked up and almost fainted. She knew what she had done.

He sat down beside his wife. She really cried and hugged him. She was so glad that he was back. She told him she thought he had died. She had stayed behind one whole day but he did not return. Finally, they had moved camp too. "Where did you go?" she asked.

"It's a long story," he said. "I got carried away and went too far from camp. It got dark so I slept. I thought there was no use traveling at night. I waited until daytime. The next day, I got to chasing some buffalo and that took me farther away. When I did get back to camp," he said, "everybody was gone. I didn't know which way you had gone, so I've just been roaming around. I just happened to find the encampment but I was scared. I thought it might be an enemy camp."

About two weeks later Scabby Bear went hunting. He could hear a wolf howl, and he recognized his grandfather's voice. He imitated his grandfather. Soon the wolf came running, "Well, Grandson, he said, I am glad that you have listened to what I have told you and you know how to make the call. It is time that you give us your sister-in-law. Tomorrow before daylight, come over that big high hill you see over there. You're going to kill some buffalo. Of course, we will help you. You will kill many. Then you will go back and tell your wife and your sister-in-law to come out and help you skin them."

Scabby Bear said, "All right, Grandfather. I remember what you told me." He want back. He told his wife he was going hunting in the morning. When Scabby Bear got up to go hunting, his wife got up, too. She asked if he wanted her to go with him but he said no. "When I sneak up to a buffalo," he said, "I don't want anyone around. Yesterday when I was out, I saw some buffalo coming this way. I figure they will be close to camp by now. That is why I want to go alone."

When he got over the ridge, the wolf pack was lying there waiting for him. They went down the ridge and surrounded a herd of buffalo. There were about ten to fifteen buffalo in the herd. They killed them all. As Scabby Bear was leaving, the wolf leader said, "Grandson, remember what I said. We are going over the hill to wait for you. You have to holler, 'Grandfather! This is what you wanted! Here she is! She is all yours!'"

Scabby Bear went back to camp and told his wife and sister-in-law to help with the buffalo. They returned with him and started skinning. He told his sister-in-law, "There are about four of them over the hill. You can have all of them for yourself. You can skin them." She agreed and left.

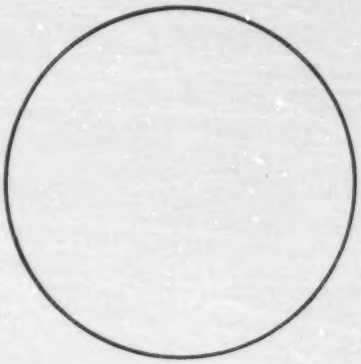
Scabby Bear waited for awhile and when he thought it was time, he yelled, "Grandfather! Come on! I have what you want.'" The wolf pack knew the signal and went to get the girl. They killed and hid her.

When Scabby Bear's wife wanted to know where her sister was, he told her what really happened. She didn't mourn for her sister at all when she heard the whole story. They returned to camp. Scabby Bear told his father-in-law what had happened. "Your daughter wanted to marry me but I didn't want to marry her. I reminded her of the time long ago when I wanted to marry her, but she didn't want to marry me because of my sores. She got the moles to dig a tunnel underneath me. They left me to starve. A wolf pack saved my life. They took care of me, nursed me till I was strong and protected me on my return journey. Your eldest daughter will not return. She must pay for what she has done. The wolves have taken care of her punishment."

Her parents agreed that she had had a great punishment coming to her. From that day on, they all lived happily.

STORY ABOUT THE SUN AND THE MOON

(Ft. Peck)



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Pacific Northwest Indian Reading and Language Development Program
Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory

Developed by the Pacific Northwest Indian Reading and Language Development Program, Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory, 300 Southwest Sixth Avenue, Portland, Oregon 97204

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Printed and bound in the United States of America

STORY ABOUT THE SUN AND THE MOON

(Ft. Peck)

Long ago the sun and the moon had an argument. Each said that he had the prettiest woman. One day the sun told the moon, "We must prove today who has the prettiest woman."

The moon said, "All right, but you get your woman first and let us take a look at her to see how pretty she is." The sun got his woman. It turned out she was a frog. The moon thought this was very funny. He laughed and laughed. He laughed so hard that it made the frog angry. The frog jumped for the moon's face and hung on there.

The sun was also mad. He said, "All right, let us see your pretty woman." The moon turned himself into a procupine and came down to earth to find a woman.

There were two pretty women who went out to collect wood, in the evening. While gathering wood the oldest girl saw this porcupine in a tree. She told her sister, "Look, there is a porcupine. Let's get that porcupine and take it home so we can eat it." She climbed the tree. When she was just about to hit the porcupine with a stick, it climbed a little higher up the tree. The girl struggled to reach it. About the time she raised her stick to hit it, it again went a little further up. Again the girl struggled. When she reached it again, it climbed farther out on a limb.

Her sister told her to come back down. She was going out too far and might fall and hurt herself. The older sister insisted on getting the porcupine. She needed to go just a little further out on the limb. Her sister was worried the limb might break. The older sister started going out on the limb, and as she was about to hit the porcupine, it grabbed her and went up into the sky.

The moon then showed the woman to the sun. "Here is the pretty woman I was telling you about," he said.

The moon won the argument but he still had that frog stuck to his face. Today you can see the frog on the face of the full moon.

Meanwhile, the younger sister returned home. She explained how the older sister had disappeared and that the porcupine had taken her up into the sky. The parents of the girl were pretty upset. They didn't know what they were going to do.

As time went on, the moon told the woman that every time he went hunting, she had to stay home and attend to the work around his tepee. He told her not to dig the wild turnips. There seemed to be a lot of them up there.

Ond day she thought to herself, "I wonder why he does not want me to dig the turnips? There are many and I like them." She took a sharp wooden peg and

started digging around a turnip. Soon she poked a hole through the ground. She peeked down through the hole and she could see the earth way down there. She quickly covered up the hole.

The girl began preparations to return to earth through the hole. Every time the moon went hunting and came back with buffalo, she made rawhide strings out of the hide and braided them. Finally she thought she had a long enough rope to reach the earth.

She drove a peg into the ground and made the hole bigger so she could fit through it. She started down on the rope. She could almost touch the tree tops when she realized her rope was too short.

The moon came back and saw the girl was gone. He saw the hole in the ground. He walked up to it, looked down and there whe was dangling at the end of the rawhide rope. He took a small pebble and said, "I'm going to drop you. You go down and hit her on the head. Knock her loose from the rope and kill her, but don't hurt the little boy she is carrying within her."

He dropped the small pebble and watched it hit the girl on top of the head. It knocked her loose from the rope and killed her.

When she hit the ground, her stomach popped open and a little boy was born. This little boy grew up pretty fast. When he got to be about six or seven years old, he went out to play. One day he found a cornfield where he had a lot of fun playing. He always returned to where his mother was killed. There was an old lady who owned the cornfield. When she went out to pick some of her corn, she saw footprints and noticed that someone had knocked down quite a bit of the corn. She returned home and made a small bow and arrow to put in her cornfield. She also made a small doll. She had a peg that was used to dig turnips and left it with the doll.

She said, "Now I'll see if there is a little boy or little girl. If the bow and arrow are gone, it will be a little boy, but if the doll and peg are gone, I know it will be a little girl."

The next day the little boy went to play in the cornfield. As he was playing, he found the bow and arrow and also saw the little doll and peg. He grabbed the bow and arrow and ran back home.

The old lady returned to the cornfield and when she came to the place where she had left the items, she noticed that the bow and arrow were gone. She knew it was a little boy who had been playing in her cornfield.

She decided to try and capture him. The next day she hid in the cornfield, waiting for the little boy. Sure enough, she heard him come into the field. He was playing and singing to himself. When he came by, she threw a buffalo robe over him. He screamed and tried to get away but she hung on tightly. She told him, "Grandson, I want to keep you. I have nobody to stay with me."

The boy said, "All right, I'll stay with you."

She took him back to her tepee.

The woman was very good to the little boy. She made some clothes for him and dressed him. When she asked him where he had come from, he told her that his

mother had died and he was living by himself.

One day before she left on a journey, she told the little boy not to look into a cage which she had made of willows and had covered with leaves. However, the little boy went over to look in the cage. He saw two big snakes and killed them both. When his grandmother returned, he said, "Grandma, do you know what? You told me not to look in that cage, but today I looked in there, and you know what I saw? There were two great big snakes in there and I killed them."

She said, "Oh, I wonder how they got there." She didn't want to tell him that those were her pets. She kept them around all the time. She then told her grandson, "I'm going to go out. Don't follow me." She was gone for quite awhile. When she came back, her face and arms were all scratched and her hair was cut.

The little boy asked, "Grandma, what happened to you?"

She said, "I fell into a bunch of blackberry bushes which scratched me." She didn't want to tell him that she was mourning for the snakes. Indians used to mourn one of their loved ones who passed away in this way.

One day the boy's Grandmother said, "Grandson, look north at those high hills. There is one place there where the ground is white. Don't ever go there."

But one day when his grandmother was gone, the boy took his bow and arrow and a club and went up there. When he came close to the hill, a door opened and someone said, "Come in little boy, come on in." He went in, the door closed and he was inside the hill. A man was sitting there with people all around him. The man said, "Little boy, we would like to tell you a story. We will tell you a story about a young woman who went up to Heaven."

The man told about two young women who had gone after wood one moonlit night. They had walked along picking up wood when the oldest girl saw a porcupine high in a tree. She wanted to get it. She climbed the tree and was going to hit the porcupine, when the porcupine climbed higher. She followed it further out on a limb.

All this time the little boy was listening, he knew this oldest girl was his mother. He knew this because he had powers given to him by the Great Spirit. Because of his origin, the little boy could do anything he wanted. He had that much power.

The old man continued his story. He said her sister had told her not to go any further since she might fall. But the oldest girl said, "No, I'm going to get this porcupine." When she lifted her stick to hit the porcupine, the porcupine took her back to Heaven. That is where she had to stay since the moon told her that he was taking her for his wife. The moon told her not to dig turnips, but one day she went out and poked a hole through the ground and saw the earth.

All this time the man and people sitting around were looking at the boy, expecting him to fall asleep. But he knew what was going to happen. The boy pretended to go to sleep. When he looked up, all the people sitting there, even the old man who was talking, had turned to snakes. He jumped up and started to kill all of them with his club. One snake got away. Just before it went into a hole, the snake told the boy, "Young man, as long as you are alive and walk on the face of the earth, don't you ever sit down."

The boy came out of the hill and went home. When his grandmother returned, he said, "Grandma, remember you told me not to go to that hill?"

"Yes, I told you not to go up there," she said.

"Well, I went up there today, and do you know what was in there? That hill was full of snakes. I killed all but one. It told me that as long as I'm alive and walk on the face of this earth, I'm not to ever sit down."

She said, "I didn't know that place was full of snakes, but that's what they used to tell men."

The boy told his grandmother that she didn't have to go hunting all the time. "I'll go out and hunt and you can stay home. You do not have to hunt anymore." The young man went hunting. He killed game such as buaffalo, deer, antelope and elk. His grandmother always had plenty to eat.

As he got older, his grandmother told him that she thought it was time he returned to his true grandparents. "Your grandparents are mourning for your mother and they do not know that she had a little boy. You had better go back and tell them what happened."

She started getting him ready. She made him moccasins and fixed him pemmican to eat on his journey. Whe she had finished, she told him, "Grandson, your grandparents live a four days walk from here. You go south, straight south, and you'll get to where your grandparents are living."

The next day shortly after sunup, he left. By noon he was tired and hungry. He decided to sit down and eat his lunch. He thought of what the snake had told him. He saw a great big rock and thought it would be a good place to eat his lunch. He walked up to this rock, sat down and was going to get his lunch, whan a snake crawled inside his stomach. He cut himself off at the waist and thought he could kill the snake but it went further up. It went up to his throat and then into his head. The young man cut his neck, and his head was lying on the ground.

The boy tried to get the snake to come out, but the snake would not. The boy was rolling his head in every direction, bouncing it. Still he couldn't get the snake out.

The boy asked for rain. When he asked for rain, the Great Spirit gave a real downpour but the snake would not come out. Water was running out of the head from the ears, mouth, eyes and nose but the snake would not come out.

The boy asked for a really hot day. It got awfully hot. The temperature was about 110 degrees. The water inside the boy's head started to boil.

The snake thought to himself, "Oh no, now the boy is going to get me." The snake tried to stay in the head, but the water was getting so hot it couldn't stand it. It had to come out. As it did, the boy grabbed it.

The boy put his head back on his body and put his body back together because he had the power which had been given him. The boy held the snake behind its head and rubbed its nose on a rock. He kept rubbing until he wore the snake down. He told the snake, "From this day on, all you snakes will have short flat noes." To this day, snakes have square flat noses.

The boy continued his journey to the south which took four days. As he neared his grandparents' camp, he saw a big high hill. He climbed the hill and noticed several tepees. Though it was a big encampment, he knew right where to go to

find his grandparents' tepee. People looked at him but didn't know who he was. He went into his grandparents' tepee and said, "Grandpa, Grandma, I am here." They grabbed him, hugged him, kissed him, and asked him what had happened.

"It's a long story," he told them. "My mother was taken up to Heaven by the moon."

"Yes, we know that," the Grandfather said.

The boy told the whole story of how his mother had tried to return to earth through a hole in the sky. "I stayed around my mother until I was old enough to get along by myself. The Great Spirit saw to it that I had something to eat all the time. That is how I stayed alive. I got a grandmother who took care of me. I stayed with my grandmother until I got to be a young man. I'd go hunting for her. One day she told me that my grandparents were mourning for me. She said they were getting pretty lonesome, and I had better go to them. That is why I came, Grandpa."

The grandparents were very glad to see him.

The young man said, "I am going to go get my mother." His grandparents didn't know what he meant by that. Before he left, however, he told his grandpa to make four sweat lodges. When he got to his grandmother's place, she was glad to see him and asked if he had seen his grandparents.

"Yes, they were very glad to see me." I came to get my mother, but my grandpa said to bring you back with me also."

"All right," she said, "but we will have to take some of this corn back with us. As time goes on, your Indian people are going to have to learn to plant the corn and take care of it. That will be the food for them to live on all winter long.

The young man told his grandmother, "I'm going to look for at least one strand of my mother's hair. She has been there for a good many years and it is going to be hard to find, but that's what I have to get, just one strand of her hair." He went to where his mother had died. There was nothing left but dried bones. He walked around looking and crying. Eventually, he found one strand of her hair. He put the strand of hair in a buckskin pouch and placed it around his neck. He took it and returned to his grandmother.

He told her, "You better get ready. Pack up, because tomorrow morning we're leaving early."

Grandmother got ready. She took a bunch of dried corn to be used for seed.

The next morning they started early. The grandmother was old and couldn't walk very fast but the young man helped her. He gave her some medicine so that she could keep going. It took them four days to get back to his grandparent's tepee.

The people had heard about this young man's desire to bring his mother back. They couldn't figure how he could do it after so long a period. They thought he went back to pick up her bones and that he would probably bury her near the encampment.

Upon his return, the sweat lodges were ready with a pile of rocks in front of each one.

The old lady told the grandparents, "Here is some corn for you to pass around to

the people. As time goes on, you Indian people will have corn. You will know how to plant and dry it and keep yourselves fed during the winter months."

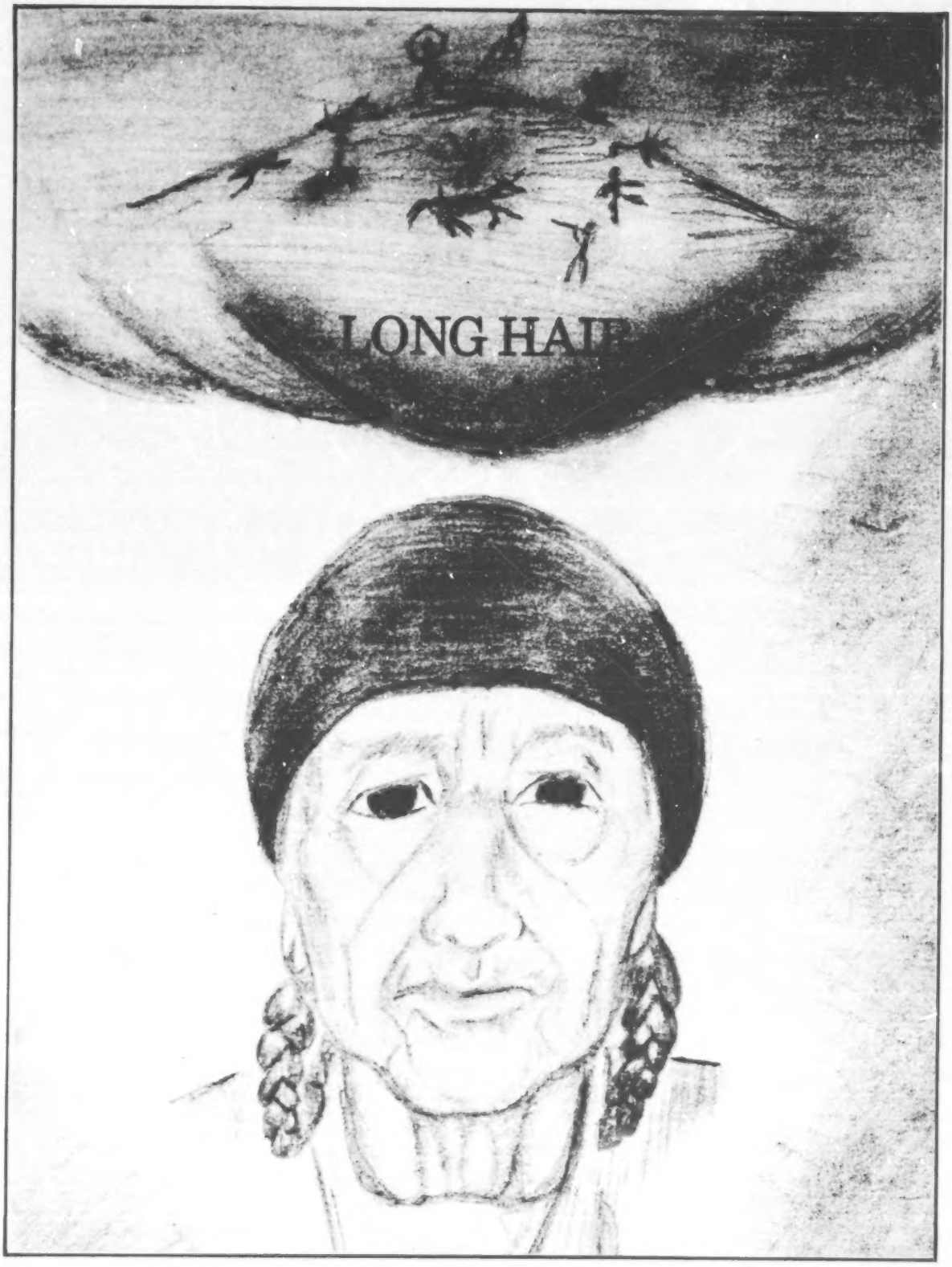
The young man said, "I know you people doubt in your hearts that I'm going to bring my mother back to life again. All I have here is one strand of her hair. This is the reason I had you people make four sweat lodges." He went into the first lodge with that one strand of hair and started praying and singing. As the curious people listened, they could hear a woman's voice. It sounded as though she was in pain, sort of groaning very faintly, and they could hardly make out what it was.

When he finished the ceremony, he came out and went into the second lodge. He still had the strand of hair with him and he started praying and singing. Now the woman's voice was louder and clearer. He came out and went into the third lodge. Again he sang awhile and prayed. The people could hear him splash the water on the red hot rocks. The woman's voice was loud and clear and she was really in pain.

He finished and came out. He still had the strand of hair with him.

He went into the fourth lodge and prayed and sang. The people could hear him splashing water on the hot rocks. Pretty soon they could hear a woman screaming. Finally, she quit screaming and moaning. A woman began talking inside the sweat lodge with the young man. When he finished with the ceremony, he came out and told his mother to come out, too.

His mother came out of the lodge. She was alive again. The people had witnessed the unbelievable things that the Great Spirit could do.


LONG HAI

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LONG HAIR

Told by Julia King Fisher-Pine
(Northern Cheyenne)

Julia King Fisher-Pine, a Cheyenne historian, explained to this translator-writer that many different stories have been told about General George Armstrong Custer. She decided to tell what she knows about him. Her own version was told to her by her father and her grandparents. Julia is now eighty-two years old and is still active in body and mind. This is one of her favorite true stories. Having heard similar stories from so many different people, she still remembers the smallest parts of this story in detail.

After a long hard winter, spring came. The flowers bloomed and the birds returned. Everyone in the tribe was happy to see another spring season, and began talking about their next campsite along the Little Big Horn River.

Other tribes began to appear at this campsite, which turned out to be an unusually huge gathering. It was the spring of 1876. No one really knew for sure why there was such a huge gathering, but most of the Cheyennes were having a good time and were very happy to see other tribes. Everyone had some kind of story to tell. Old friends were meeting and new friends were exchanging greetings with one another while warriors told war stories. It turned into a big celebration.

On the night before the Little Big Horn battle, Long Knife, the camp crier, announced, "All you people in camp, beware. You are going to be attacked by soldiers sometime in the morning. Be ready, and be prepared to fight!" He repeated this in several different places around the huge camp.

Warrior King Fisher and the Cheyennes already knew where General Custer had camped that night. They knew about his plan to attack them at Little Big Horn. The Cheyennes thought General Custer made a mistake when he divided his 600 men of the seventh cavalry. He had sent some of the men to circle around and come in from the south. The war chiefs already knew of this strategy.

The next morning, the best warriors with the fastest horses were placed in the front line where they were told to counter-attack the soldiers. These warriors were willing to take a chance, even though some of them only carried a bow and some arrows and maybe a war club. Some, however, were more fortunate. They owned different kinds of rifles. But even they had only limited ammunition for the forthcoming battle.

As the crier had predicted, the battle began early in the morning on June 25, 1876. The crier yelled, "Soldiers are here! Go out there and fight them!" A great commotion began and spread like wildfire among the whole camp. Some warriors

went to fight the soldiers up in the hills. The shooting could be heard somewhere toward the east and south, and it was coming closer. Women began screaming and yelling at children to seek shelter in the bushes or ditches or across the river.

The men began getting ready. Some had just begun to eat breakfast and had to catch their horses and put on war paint. Soon most of them rode off toward the hills to join the others already in the battle.

During the battle, warrior King Fisher's father saw one medicine man who ran in front of the soldiers. The soldiers shot at him from the top of the hill. The medicine man must have had supernatural powers that would ward off bullets. He raised his rifle in the air and then hit the ground with the rifle butt. He started spinning. Lots of soldiers tried hard to shoot him. They only wasted their bullets for he did not fall or appear to be hit.

The soldiers were surrounded and most had been killed. There was dust everywhere and visibility was poor. The Cheyennes had been extra careful not to waste their ammunition. There were arrows by the thousands everywhere. The shooting had died down, except for some sporadic shooting which could still be heard in some places. There were no more soldiers anywhere. The battle was over.

After the dust settled, those who did not participate in the battle came out of hiding one by one. Each family began to search for missing family members and horses. There were a lot of loose horses running around and some could not be caught. Some horses did not calm down until the next day.

Everyone began wondering what would happen next. No one knew if more soldiers were coming to attack them again. Everyone was scared. They did not know what to do. Finally, someone said, "We're safe! We're all right. Do not worry! Calm down! The soldiers have been killed. There are no more soldiers!"

Some Cheyenne parents could hardly wait to find out how many warriors were killed in the battle. The waiting and searching for the wounded began. Those warriors who fought close to camp had already returned. They were reluctant to break the bad news to the parents and relatives of the slain warriors.

Warrior King Fisher's first cousin had been shot in the stomach and had died. It was shocking news. The family was very proud of him because he had died as a hero, but the loss of a very special family member was unbearable to accept at this stage.

Warrior King Fisher could never forget the family mourning period. He had been very close to his beloved cousin. The sadness and hardship was unforgetable. The mourning period and the burial ceremony for his cousin was perhaps the saddest night in his entire life. That night when other warriors were laid to rest in peace, the relatives cried and sang sad songs.

Warrior King Fisher was tired and went to sleep. Later, he was awakened by loud crying. Weeping by his side were his uncle and aunt who had come to embrace him because he was close to their son. He could not help but be emotionally involved. After his uncle and his aunt left, he was awakened again during the early morning hours by repeated bad dreams. As he lay there, he did not know at times if he were dreaming or awake.

Finally, the mourning period ended. After everything returned to normal, it was customary to take part in a victory dance, a celebration, especially in cases where an actual battle has been won by the tribe or band. Honors were paid to each brave warrior.

Warrior King Fisher was proud of his uncles. They fought bravely and lived through one of the greatest battles in Cheyenne history, the battle of Little Big Horn. Warriors like Red-Paint-Head-Gear, Stays Long and Warrior Dark Horse were highly respected for their accomplishments.

Since warrior King Fisher was just a young man when the battle took place, he still had a lot of learning to do. He sought advice and counseling from his uncles from time to time. He looked at all the war souvenirs his uncles had collected. He listened to their different war stories to hear how his uncles had collected their war souvenirs. Sometimes he wished he had been older, so he could have been there with his uncles. Unfortunately, he was born too late.

Approximately a year later, the Cheyennes surrendered because the wise chiefs knew sooner or later they would have to quit fighting. The odds were increasing against them. They took a big chance of being killed after what had happened at Little Big Horn. They were afraid, however, to surrender and become prisoners of war. Some thought the soldiers could not be trusted. (Even General Custer had previously smoked a peace pipe with the Cheyennes, just before the Little Big Horn Battle. Custer had promised not to attack them as long as they were not hostile. One of the chiefs had known Custer could not be trusted. He had watched Custer's body language and had listened carefully to the way he had talked to the chiefs during the smoking ceremony.)

The decision to surrender was difficult. The debating went on until one old lady and a companion rode in with pack horses. She said to the chiefs, "I brought gifts for everyone." She had tobacco, blankets, knives, food and whiskey. She told the chiefs these were from the white soldiers. She had made friends with the soldiers many years ago. She had been captured and had lived with another tribe and the soldiers in peace and harmony. She told the chiefs the soldiers only wanted to make peace. If they would surrender peacefully, they would not be harmed. They would be given horses, guns with which to hunt, food, medicine for the sick, shelter and a safe place to stay.

They surrendered peacefully and became prisoners of the United States. One day they were told that the Great White Chief had ordered them to move south where there was plenty of food. They would have game to hunt and a land they could plant. In the summer of 1878 they were sent to Oklahoma where all Indians were supposed to live. It was their punishment for taking part in Little Big Horn battle.

About a year later, many Cheyennes started getting sick and many died from disease and malnutrition. There were limited rations and they were unaccustomed to the heat. Late that summer, the chiefs decided it would be better to defy the U.S. military authorities and risk death in order to be free, rather than suffer and die slowly.

Many finally escaped under the leadership of Dull Knife (Morning Star) and Little Wolf. Three hundred Northern Cheyenne with only seventy warriors began their long march home. Most of the trip was on foot, fighting and evading 13,000 soldiers all the way. Little Wolf's band and Dull Knife's band split up in Nebraska.

Dull Knife's band was captured in the fall. They were later returned to live in the Indian territory in Oklahoma. Dull Knife's band had lived with the Sioux until they were allowed to join Little Wolf's band. Little Wolf's band had made it back to Montana.

In 1884 an executive order finally set aside a reservation in southeastern Montana for all Northern Cheyennes. The reservation was expanded by another executive order in 1900 to encompass its present boundaries.

SUN'S DAUGHTER

(Skokomish)

Developed by the Skokomish Tribe

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Printed and bound in the United States of America

SUN'S DAUGHTER

(Skokomish)

A long time ago there was a young man who had within himself a great power, the skill of shooting duck. He was a hunter of ducks. He was a tall handsome young man. The girls all liked him because he was so handsome. He was also quite bashful. He was so bashful that he would avoid looking at the girls. This made them very angry. He would look the other way whenever they were around.

Some girls decided to play a trick on him. "Let us make a wooden duck and put it in front of our house and call for the duck hunter to come and shoot it." One of the girls had magic power and put life into the wooden duck.

The young man came, avoiding the prying eyes of the girls. Mink was his friend and the captain of his canoe. They went out in the canoe and the young man shot the duck. He crippled it and it flew off with the young man's arrow in its hip. He chased the duck until he saw that it was made of wood. This made him angry.

The young man was so angry and upset because of the trick played on him, he decided to go away from home. He left with Mink. After paddling a long time they came to land. The young man told Mink to stay with the canoe while he searched the beach for a club to destroy the canoe. He came back with a club and smashed the canoe into many pieces. Now they could not return home. He looked around day after day and found they were on an island.

One day an idea came to him. He would make wings like an eagle and fly. He shot an eagle and tried flying with its wings.

Mink stayed on the beach and didn't do much of anything. The young man didn't tell Mink what he was doing. Everyday he practiced flying. One day he flew around the island. When he got home, Mink told him he had seen the funniest looking eagle. It looked like a man with wings.

The young man then told Mink that he was the funny looking eagle. He could really fly. He told Mink he had a few feathers left. The young man was going to send Mink back home. He put some feathers on the Mink's rear end and some on each arm and sides, and told him to fly into the sun in the early morning and reach home safely.

After Mink left, the young man flew up to the sun. He reached a world above this one. He found a trail and followed it. He came to two old women who were cooking mud pies. They were both blind. He watched them for awhile before he spoke to them. "Grandmothers, where does this trail go?"

They asked him many questions about himself. He told them, "I got in trouble on my own earth. The women bewitched me and now I must make something of myself or die."

The old woman called him grandson and asked him how he got to their land. "My Tamanawis (spirit power) brought me here."

"Are you going to marry Sun's daughter?" they asked. This started him thinking about marriage. "If you have any thoughts of marrying Sun's daughter, we are the ones who can help you." They explained to him that many had tried but were killed.

They told him what to do. "You'll find a fence around the house. Someone at the gate will ask you what you want. You will say, 'I want to marry Sun's daughter.' He will open the gate to let you in but the sharp spikes on the gate will kill you. We will bake mud pies and put them under your clothes to protect you from the spikes.

"The next thing that will happen is that the doorkeeper will take you into the house and make you sit down. There will be sharp points in the seat. We will bake more mud pies and mold them to your bottom. We will give you some clothes to wear over the mud pies.

"You will find an old man on the right side of the trail. He will show you what else to do. Tell him we helped you and show him the mud forms."

The young man found the old man. He spoke politely to the old man. The old man asked the same questions the old women had asked. The young man looked down and could see earth. He pointed out where he had come from. The old man said. "You couldn't get up here without spirit power." The young man told him the whole story.

The old man felt the mud forms and said they were all right. He told the young man "After you get in the Sun's house and sit down and nothing happens, they will ask you to go out and kill a duck, deer and elk for a wedding feast. This is where I can help you. There will be a lake with lots of ducks hear the house. You will get them there." He gave the young man a two-pronged spear and gave him his magic power. "This spear will do anything you tell it."

The young man began his journey. He came to the fence and entered through the gate. It closed on him but he was unhurt. The doorkeeper took him into the house, where he was asked to sit down. Again, he wasn't hurt.

Sun's daughter came in and said she had no husband because all her suitors had been killed. The doorkeeper told him to go to the lake and kill some ducks for the evening feast.

He went to the lake. It was rough and very dangerous but he used is power to make the water smooth. He killed all the ducks needed for the evening meal with his magic spear.

The doorkeeper asked for deer and elk. The young man told the spear "Go after them!" and it killed all the deer and elk needed.

The Sun came home after working all day in the sky and found that the young man and his daughter were in love. Everything was ready for a wedding feast. They had the wedding, and the Sun and the Moon and all the Stars were fed. It was night when the marriage took place because the Sun was not working then.

A year passed and the couple had a child. It is the custom to go home after the

first child is born. The young man told the Sun, "I must go home to see my people and show them my first born." The young man had been feeding all starland with his magic spear.

Sun told him to take plenty of food and have a big feast for his people. He told his daughter to help with the work while she was in this new land.

Before the young man had left his home, his family had been very prominent. They had many slaves, one of which was Raven.

The young man killed many elk, and the caretaker packed them into many small bundles so that one basket held seven elk. He returned to his home with his new wife and firstborn. He found that his parents had mourned for him for years and were now very poor. Raven, who had been their slave, was now a big man in the village.

The young couple put on a big feast. Sun's daughter served the food. She wiped the tears from her mother-in-law's face. They were tears of happiness. They did not invite Raven. Sun's daughter threw the bones away on the beach.

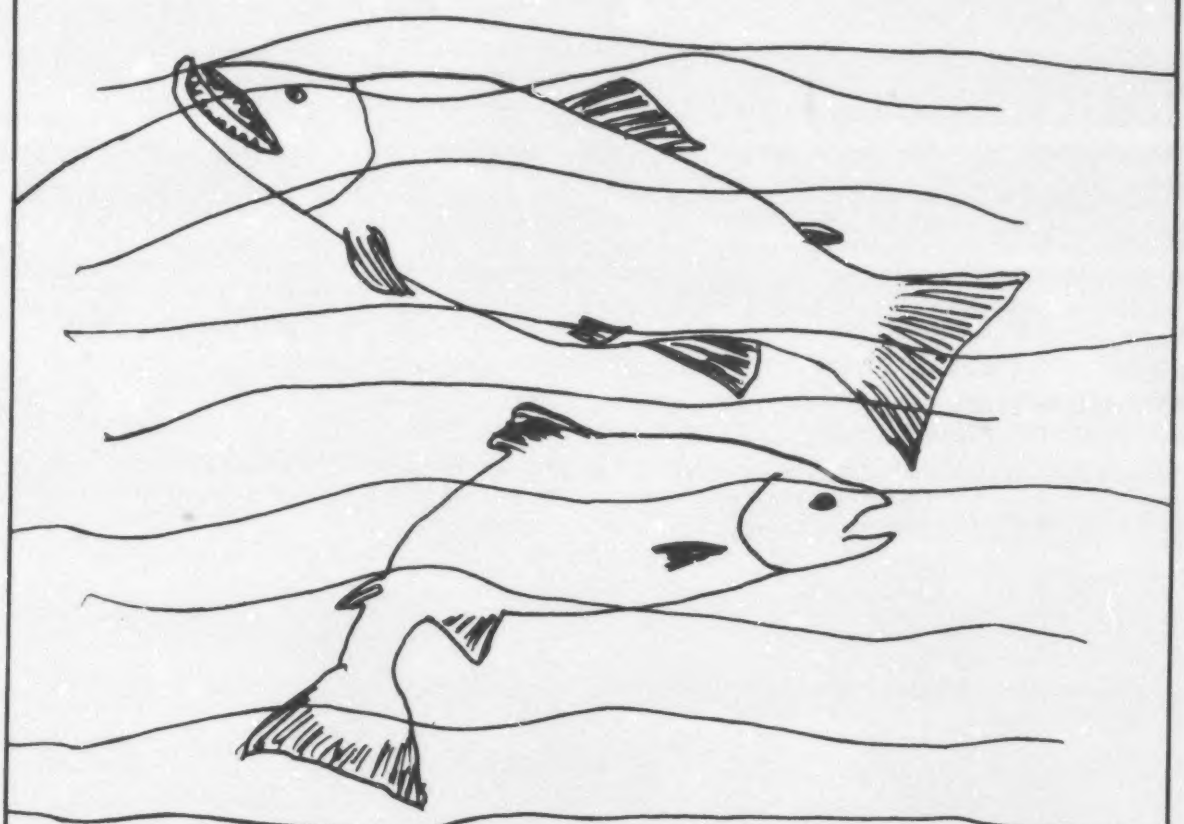
Raven sat outside the door and said nothing. Finally Raven said, "That can't be Sun's daughter. She is working all the time." Sun's daughter became very angry. She was annoyed with Raven's talk and told her husband.

The young man told her, "Pay no attention to Raven. He is just a former slave."

Raven's continued harassment annoyed her so much that she returned to her home alone, leaving behind her child and husband. Before she left she told her husband that she would come every year and visit him. She just couldn't put up with Raven any longer. True to her word, she appears year after year in the form of a junebug.

IN THE LAND OF THE SALMON

(Skokomish)



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Developed by the Pacific Northwest Indian Reading and Language Development Program, Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory, 300 Southwest Sixth Avenue, Portland, Oregon 97204

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IN THE LAND OF THE SALMON

(Skokomish)

When salmon are old and through spawning, they return to where they came. This is what the old people believe.

A young man who possessed great (Tamanawis) power could do many supernatural things. He wished to find out where the salmon went after they spawned their eggs. One spring while he was watching the salmon, he spied a very large, old and worn-out salmon. He tied a piece of cedar bark around the salmon's tail. He went home and waited. After awhile he went back to see the old salmon. The salmon was gone.

Many months passed quickly. Spring came again and the young salmon returned to the rivers of their birth. Spring dwindled away as summer arrived. The fish were sighted in the inland bays and harbors. There was a strong and mysterious urge calling them to return to the rivers of their ancestors. They gathered around the mouth of the river. This was where the water changed from fresh water to salt water with the movement of the tides.

The salmon were now going back to their spawning grounds. The young man rushed to the river to see if the big salmon had returned. Sure enough, there he was, all new and shining with the same cedar bark tied around his tail. The young man told the people not to touch the big salmon with the cedar bark around its tail. "I put that bark on his tail to see if he would come back."

Everyone went to look at the spawning salmon. The salmon was old and all worn out. As the young man watched the salmon, the salmon spoke, "We are going to take you to our home."

Time passed and the people noticed that the young man had disappeared. They said to themselves that the salmon had taken him away.

It was Dog Salmon who took the man to the salmon country.

The young man's spirit stayed home, although the people could not see it. He had turned into a salmon for the long journey to the salmon world. When the salmon are in their own country, they look just like people. In our country they look like salmon. In the salmon country the young man saw that salmon had homes much like his own.

The Dog Salmon called all the salmon people to come and look at the man he had brought to their country. He called Humpback, Silver, King and all the other salmon. Steelhead said, "I know him. He kills me and eats me." King salmon and all the other fish who swam up the Skokomish River knew him.

Finally, it was time once again to return to the river. The fish told him, "You must eat and grow strong in body for the return journey home. Only the strong

among us survive the journey." The young man began his return journey with the rest of the salmon. Soon they saw people along the shore. The longhouses were sending up smoke. As they swam past a village, the Dog Salmon said, "That is your village."

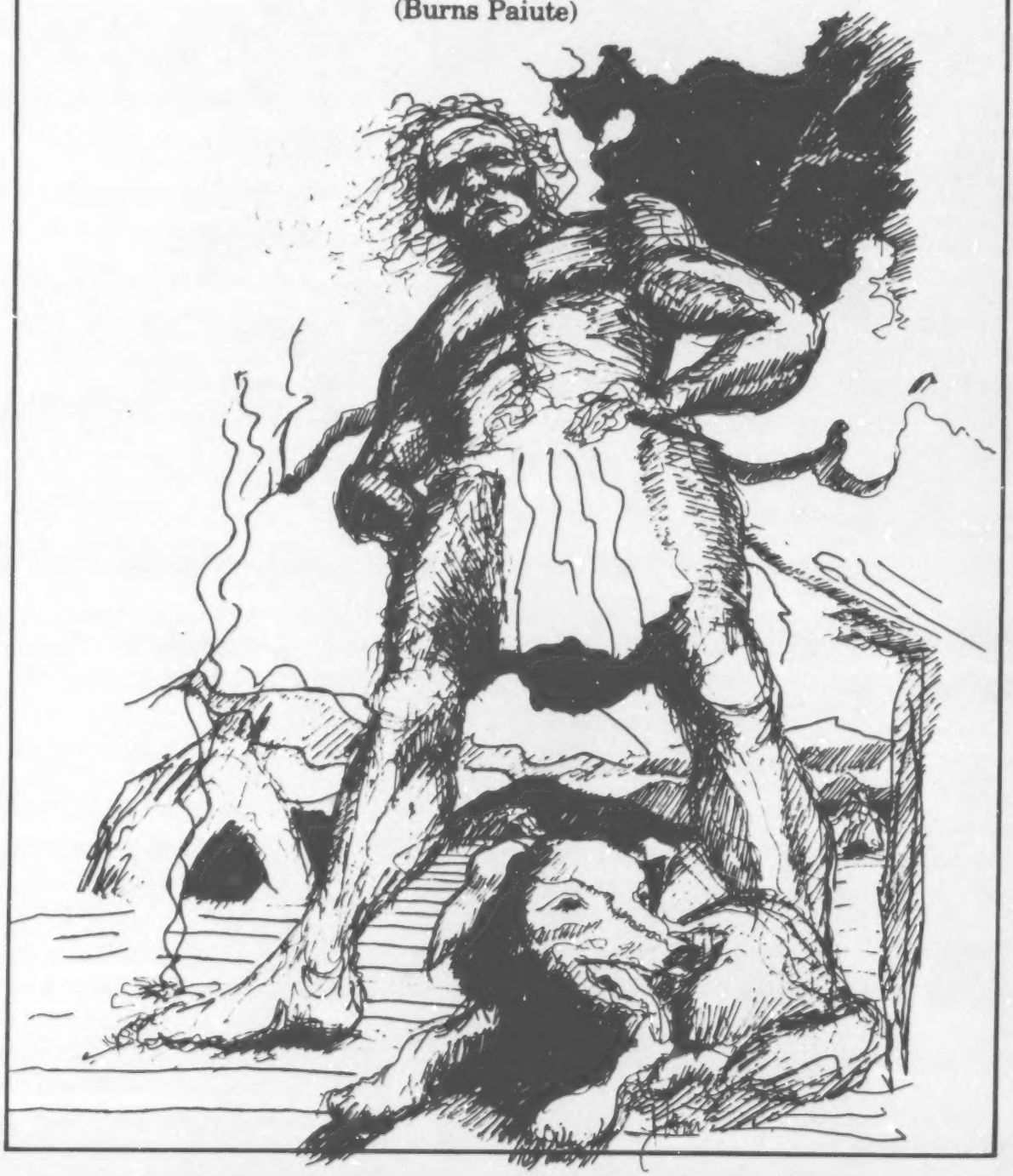
The young man's spirit and body were reunited and he was no longer a salmon. He removed the cedar bark from Dog Salmon's tail. All the people gathered to see the missing man. He told the people, "You can't kill a salmon. No matter if you kill and eat him, his spirit goes back to his world. Salmon are people. If you kill a crooked jaw salmon, you must save his bones, for he is the chief. You must carry his bones to the water and throw them in so that his spirit can return to salmon country."

He told the people that the salmon say, "Be careful with us. Don't butcher us on the ground. Lay us on a mat of cattails or ferns." He told the people to watch for the big salmon. When the big salmon comes back to the river, thank him. When the women butcher salmon, thank them.

Every year the fish return to the river and the people thank them.

INDIAN GIANT

(Burns Paiute)



Developed by the Burns Paiute Reservation

Story by Eleanore Capps

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INDIAN GIANT

(Burns Paiute)

Indian Giant (Numa-Tsa-Hua) was walking along a path when Coyote saw him. Giant terrorized the land and ate Indians. When Coyote (Ee-Tha-Sha), the trickster, saw Giant, he began making plans. Coyote decided to play a good trick on Giant. He decided to make a lot of Indian willow shades (ha-bah). He also made one for himself. When the Giant arrived, it looked as if a whole band of Indians once lived there.

Giant looked through the empty shades until he spotted Coyote lying sick under one of them. Giant, seeing Coyote, went up and sat down beside him and siad, "So, here you lay sick."

Coyote pretended to be very sick. "Yes," he said, "all summer I lay here really sick. You see, all the Indians' shades have dried up and turned red (an-cha-qui-chad) and the Indians left me here sick." Coyote explained the nature of his illness.

Giant knew Coyote was pretending to be sick, so he said. "We should play a game, the kind you like best."

Coyote told Giant that he had something to do first and he went to talk to his friend (hi-sii), saying, "I shall pick a game to play." He asked his friend what he should do, and his friend told him to put some of his meat (tou-koh) at the end of his tail (kau-sii) to mislead Giant.

Giant heard Coyote making plans. When Coyote returned Giant asked, "Who were you talking to? What did you say? I heard you talking."

Coyote said, "No, I was just making noises."

Coyote said, "We should play the hit game." So they did.

Coyote asked, "Who's going to lie down first?" Giant did not answer, so Coyote volunteered. Coyote lay down first. Indian Giant hit him with a rock and Coyote hollered and jumped up.

Then Giant said, "We should hit each other two times."

Coyote replied, "No, just once." Coyote knew if he was hit again by Giant, he might not be able to jump up.

Now it was the Giant's turn to lie down. He knew of Coyote's plan and he kept his eyes on him. Coyote, pretending that he couldn't lift the rock, told Giant, "I can't lift the rock. It is too heavy and I'm too weak from being sick." Then he told the Giant, "Don't look at me, turn the other way."

When Giant began to turn his head, Coyote picked up the rock and hit the Giant's head. Coyote kept hitting him all the while saying, "What are you? What kind of a Giant are you eating up all my relatives (nah-ne-wah)?" Coyote killed (pah-tsa-wou) Indian Giant and became free.

INDIAN GIANT & INDIAN MOTHER

(Burns Paiute)

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INDIAN GIANT & INDIAN MOTHER

(Burns Paiute)

While the Indian people were gambling (nah-yah-qui) Indian Giant (Numa-Tsa-Hua) approached. One Indian Mother heard the Giant and tried to warn her people but they wouldn't listen to her. They kept on gambling.

Indian Mother took her baby and hid under a big bowl. Indian Giant came and took all the people away from their homes. The only ones to survive were Indian Mother and her baby.

After several days of hiding, Indian Mother and her baby came out to dig for some yapa roots. Indian Mother left her baby leaning by a tree and started digging. Indian Giant returned and saw the Mother digging roots in the distance, so he began by pinching her baby. He tried to call the Mother by saying, "Your baby's crying," but she kept on digging, moving farther and farther away. She knew Giant would eat her baby and then come for her.

She came to a flat rock and began to dig a hole underneath it with her digging stick. She got into the hole under the rock and put dirt all around. When Indian Giant came, he tried to get her out but the rock would not give in to him. He told Indian Mother he would come back for her tomorrow and swallow her.

Indian Mother waited and waited until she knew for sure that Indian Giant was gone before she came out and started walking. Soon she came upon a mother beaver (hah-ii-sha) playing by the edge of the water (pah). Indian Mother told Mother Beaver how she had escaped Indian Giant. Mother Beaver told Indian Mother that her children had all gone fishing (pah-qui) and would not return until evening. Mother Beaver told her they also eat people. Mother Beaver gave Indian Mother some fish to eat and hid her.

Later that evening Mother Beaver's children returned, all saying the same thing, "Why does it smell like Indian?"

Mother Beaver said, "Why do you keep saying the same thing? You are only smelling my willow work." The next morning the children left again. Mother Beaver gave Indian Mother more fish to eat and told her, "There is an Indian Father by the mountain, but there is an Indian skull by which you will be passing. Don't disturb it."

Indian Mother left, and just as Mother Beaver had said, she came upon the skull. She went up to it and kicked it because she didn't believe Mother Beaver's warning. She then started toward the mountain again. After she got a little way from the skull, she heard a loud noise behind her. She looked back and saw that the skull was coming. She hurried along and came upon a family of rats (tue-ka-wah). She hid with them in the rocks. The skull kept hitting the rocks, saying,

"Where are you? Are you in there?" The skull tried and tried to get her but instead the head broke into pieces!

The rats said to Indian Mother, "That is the way to Indian Father, but before you get there, you will come to a cave where you'll spend the night. You can't lie down. You'll have to stand up all night. There will be evil spirits (tsa-upa) talking to you. Stand still and don't move. The evil spirits will say to you, 'Where are you?' as they pass by. Do not speak or move." Indian Mother thanked the rats and traveled on.

Late in the afternoon Indian Mother came upon the cave. She remembered what the rats had told her and went into the cave. Just before sunrise, the last evil spirit felt her all over and named all her body parts. She kept still and the evil spirit left her alone because she had done all the things the rats had told her.

When morning came Indian Mother continued traveling toward Indian Father on the mountain. She came to a tepee where Indian Father (Numa-nah) lived. She went to the fire pit and put her foot prints in the ashes. Then she hid under some dry hides. When Indian Father came home, he noticed footprints in the ashes. Indian Father looked all around his camp and then said, "Who has been in my fire ashes? Come out, whoever you are." Indian Mother did not come out.

The next day Indian Father went hunting and brought his pack of meat home. Again he noticed footprints in the fire ashes and said, "Who are you?" This was repeated until Indian Mother finally came out after five days of hiding.

Indian Father placed some meat by the fire to roast but Indian Mother would not enter the tepee. She stayed near the door. When the meat was done, he offered her some with the tip of his spear. After two days, she finally entered his tepee because the deer meat tasted so good to her. When evening came, they went to bed.

A rock, shaped like a platter, was placed between them. They would find babies on the rock every so often. The babies were of many different tribes. The babies were soon children who continued to grow and play. The boys learned to make bows and arrows, while the girls learned to make mahogany sticks (puh-tob), root digging sticks. The boys would fight each other with the bows and arrows, and the girls would poke each other with the digging sticks. After a whole day of playing war (nah-kog) with each other, they returned home in the evening, bleeding. The children kept fighting even though their parents were present.

Finally, Indian Father became angry with them and got up and he threw them in all directions. He picked up his spear and walked to the big water. His wife picked up a rock platter and followed her husband. They both walked on the water. The children began crying but they couldn't catch their parents.

This is how Indians became divided people of many tribes.

ONE THAT GOT AWAY

(Flathead)

Developed by The Flathead Culture Committee
of the Confederated Salish and Kootenai Tribes of Montana

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ONE THAT GOT AWAY

Told by
Peter Beaverhead

(Flathead)

This is a story about a band of Kalispell Indians who lived a long time ago. They had two campsites when they were hunting. The campsites were near enemy territory.

One man in camp was named "One Who Sits In Front." He had a younger brother "One Not Yet A Man" who was thirteen or fourteen years old. One Who Sits In Front told his little brother, "Tomorrow at dawn let's get on our horses and ride around. We'll look around for something to eat, maybe for the enemy, or maybe for something else."

Early the next morning they left camp. As they were riding along, One Who Sits In Front told his little brother, "You must be alert and look around carefully. It will benefit us if we see the enemy first before they attack us." One Not Yet A Man rode along silently, looking around for the enemy."

Soon they were far from camp. As they were riding through the trees, they suddenly had a feeling that something was behind them. One Who Sits In Front looked back. Sure enough, not far behind, was the enemy preparing to attack them. One Who Sits In Front and his little brother were outnumbered.

"Now we are in for it! The enemy has caught up to us!" One Who Sits In Front told his brother.

Knowing that his horse was the slowest of the two, One Who Sits In Front told his brother to ride back to the camp. "Ride real fast!" he said. "Maybe you'll make it! Don't worry about me. Go now and run away!" One Not Yet A Man held onto his horse and let him run on his own. Running at full speed, it was as if he were flying.

The enemy shot at One Who Sits In Front and wounded his horse. The horse fell and they immediately surrounded him. When the enemy surrounded him, they didn't shoot him. They just kept circling. One Who Sits In Front tried to fight back by charging rider after rider, trying to pull them off their horses, but he tired quickly. His mouth was dry and he was thirsty. "It won't be long now and they will kill me," he thought to himself. The enemy warriors held a gun at One Who Sits In Front's throat so he was helpless. Thinking it was all over for himself, One Who Sits In Front thought of his little brother. "It will be good that he has made it back to camp safely."

One Not Yet A Man rode hard and fast until he got back to the camp. "My

brother has been killed," he told his people. They asked him if he was watching when the enemy killed his brother. "No," he said, "but they had just surrounded him when I last looked. He was on foot because they had shot his horse, so I assume that they have killed my brother."

They gave One Not Yet A Man a fresh horse. Then all the men mounted their horses and started out. They rode fast until they came to where One Not Yet A Man had last seen his brother.

They saw a man on a white horse approaching them. They recognized him as One Who Sits in Front. One Not Yet A Man and his people greeted him, thankful that he hadn't been killed. One Who Sits In Front related this story to his people.

"When the enemy surrounded me, they shot my horse. After circling me, they all sat around in a big circle. As I sat there terrified, I heard someone yelling behind the circle of men. When this person got closer, I saw that he was on a white horse. He came galloping up to where the enemy sat. They cleared a passage for him and he rode into the circle.

"When this man got close to me, he got off his horse. The rest of the men just sat there talking and laughing. They were laughing at me in the center, looking pitiful. The man walked over to me. 'Look at the sun. Look at it good because when you're through looking at it, I will kill you. That is why my people are just sitting here waiting. They are waiting for me. I am the one who is to kill you. You Kalispell Indians are mean people.' Some relatives of this man with the white horse had been killed by Kalispell Indians. He wanted revenge.

"Carrying a gun in his hand, he walked up to me. He was leading his horse on a very long rope. He charged.

"'Well, this is it. I am going to be killed,' I thought.

"The man shot at me but missed. I jumped up, aimed and shot the man. The man fell. He was wounded badly. The white horse ran straight toward me.

"I grabbed the rope, jumped on and we took off running. The rest of the men started shooting. I shot at them with a pistol, wounding several.

"I rode right through the enemy line. They pursued me for a little way. Then they stopped, fearful that the Kalispell's camp might be close by. They knew that the young boy who had been with me had probably told our people about being attacked.

'We had better run away,' they said. They turned and left. "I then headed back for camp, meeting my little brother and you."

"The two brothers were very glad to see each other. One Who Sits In Front told how brave his little brother had been in running for help to fight the enemy. His people then gave One Not Yet A Man a new name. They named him "Telq stem," "One That Got Away."

MEDICINE WOMAN SAVES FLATHEADS FROM WARRING ENEMY

(Flathead)

Developed by The Flathead Culture Committee
of the Confederated Salish and Kootenai Tribes of Montana

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MEDICINE WOMAN SAVES FLATHEADS FROM WARRING ENEMY

(Flathead)

There were many Flathead Indians moving camp. As they walked slowly along, they formed a long line. In this line were three friends, "Louie Many Names," his older brother Charlie and one of Louie's friends, "Bitter Bow String".

These three friends walked together. Turning to his friends as they were walking, Bitter Bow String said, "Since this morning when I woke up, my forehead has been twitching. It won't quit. Maybe I'm going to get shot in the head. That is what I think."

"Me, too!" My heel has been twitching all morning. Maybe I'll get shot there," Louie replied. The Indians traveled a long way before they set up camp. Earlier they had captured a woman from an enemy camp who had been hunting buffalo.

The next morning at daybreak the leader of the Flatheads told some of the men, "Turn her loose. Untie her and take her back halfway. Take her off the horse. She can go back to her people on her own. Don't kill her." Several men took her back in the direction of her camp.

In the meantime, the two enemy tribes had unknowingly passed each other somewhere along the way. The enemy, having returned to their camp after hunting buffalo, were told by their people, "One of our women has been captured."

Early the next morning the enemy attacked the Flatheads. The Flathead tepees were close together and the door corners were spread out until they touched. They were tied together. All of their horses had been brought into this circle of tepees.

The Flathead camp was near a lake. At the end of the lake there were some springs and a wooded knoll. The area around this knoll was clear and level. Further beyond this point there was a little knoll higher than the first one. This is where the enemy stopped. dismounted and sat down, completely covering the knoll. Another group of the enemy attacked and started shouting at the Flatheads. The Flatheads then fired back at them.

In the wooded area, Charlie and other members of the tribe were fighting. Louie and two friends hid in a clearing where buffalo had rolled around in the dirt. It was deep and well protected. From here Louie could see the tepees nearby. The horses inside the circle of tepees were running around. Soon horses began to fall and die as they were hit by stray enemy bullets.

Both of Louie's partners had rifles, but he only had a bow and arrows. Just opposite these three men, the enemy advanced. They were led by a man with an Indian flag. He had pulled the flag out of the ground and now jumped up and down as he approached the three men. He then layed down and stuck the flag back in the ground. The rest of the men had to catch up with the man with the flag.

It was frightening for these three friends. The enemy was shooting at them. There were many, many Indians, although some just stood around watching. They weren't shooting at the Flatheads. If they had been shooting, all of the Flatheads would have been killed in a short time.

On one side of Louie Many Names lay a white horse. A man named Swollen Feet was shooting from behind it. Later, Louie looked at Swollen Feet and saw that he was lying there, not moving. He was dead. He had been shot right in the middle of his forehead. Meanwhile, the man with the Indian flag was moving in closer to Louie and his friends.

On the other side of Louie, Bitter Bow String squatted down on the ground and started to imitate a Prairie Chicken. He jumped up and down while squatting on his feet. A shot was heard and Bitter Bow String fell to the ground. He turned over and sat back up. Louie asked him what happened.

"Nothing, I guess. I don't think I got hit," Bitter Bow String said. He had his gun next to him and that is what was hit. The enemy, thinking he was hit, all shouted.

The Indian flag was once again pulled out and moved forward toward the Flatheads. The enemy continued following the man with the flag. The next time they moved they would reach the Flatheads.

Bitter Bow String told his two friends, "Let's run. All the others have run back to camp. There are just three of us here. Come on." He jumped up. "Go on! You take the lead," he told them.

Louie and his friend jumped up. They dodged around. They didn't run straight. Close to the tepees were rawhide bags packed with meat. The bags were piled up high to form a barricade. Louie's friend was in the lead and got hit as they neared the rawhide bags. Louie heard a loud thud when he was hit. He had just jumped over the rawhide bags when he was hit in the heel. That was why his heel was twitching the day before.

Louie had just gotten to where the rawhide bags were piled when he heard a hard striking sound. He looked back and saw Bitter Bow String fall face down. Louie ran back and grabbed him, sat him up and saw blood pouring down his face. "Are you alive?" Louie asked, as he held him in his arms.

"Yes, I am alive," Bitter Bow String answered as he put his hand to his head. He was bleeding pretty badly with blood spilling down onto his face."

"Boy, they had me marked. They hit me in the head." said Bitter Bow String. He looked at Louie and told him, "Go, go, go without me."

Hearing a cry of pain from a nearby tepee, Louie jumped up. The enemy was already close. Louie ran and stopped in the doorway of the tepee. As he stopped, it

felt as though he had been whacked on the back. An arrow struck a pole on the far side of the tepee. Louie had been hit with the arrow. It had gone right through him. Louie looked back and saw the enemy standing behind him ready to shoot him again. Louie ran inside the tepee.

Inside the tepee, there was an old man crawling around moaning. He was the one Louie had heard crying out in agony. The old man's thighs were deeply cut. Louie had seen the material that the enemy used to make their bullets. They had taken long pieces of metal and cut them so that when they were fired from a gun they would twirl. These pieces had hit the old man. He was losing a lot of blood from his wounds but he told Louie to bring the arrow to him.

"You pitiful old man. You are barely alive. You are ready to die," Louie thought as he pulled the arrow from the pole. As he gave the arrow to the old man Louie heard someone yelling. He looked out and saw someone approaching on a white horse. It was Alexander, their leader.

"My children. My children. All you women, children and old people, don't get hysterical! Take your knives and try to get even! Maybe we will all get killed, so we must all fight to the end! We may all be killed but don't cry! Just do your best!" he told the people.

Because the tepees were close together, Alexander could pass behind them and be out of sight. The enemy stopped shooting at him. As soon as he was in the open, they started shooting again. As Alexander passed, Louie watched to see if he got hit. He kept going behind the tepees until he got to the far end of the camp. He turned and came back. He didn't get hit or wounded.

Louie heard someone singing. He saw a woman walking close to the doors of the tepees. He kept looking closely to see who she was. As she got closer, he recognized her as Elizabeth Who Likes to Jump Dance. She was Nez Perce but lived among the Kalispell Tribe. She was holding a long otter skin that was well worn and thin in places. This was her medicine power. She got a pail of water and soaked the otter skin in it. "Rain, hurry and come. I am desperate," she said as she sprinkled water from the skin. "When I was a young girl, you were in animal form when you talked to me. You told me if I ever got desperate that I was to sing this song."

The enemy shot at her every time she came in view betweeen the tepees, but she walked all the way to the lake without being hit. The sky was clear and Louie watched her until she reached her tepee. Suddenly, Louie saw a small cloud coming. It was really low. The camp was immediately hit by strong wind and lightning flashed. The woman commanded the lightning to strike the brush on the little knoll where the enemy was. The lightning struck the knoll and everything split, shattering all over.

Alexander mounted his horse and told his people to start burying the dead. The Indians dug graves just deep enough so that when they covered the dead, they wouldn't be visible. A woman whose husband had been killed moved the ashes from where they had built a fire under the meat drying racks. She put her dead husband in this hole then covered him up with ashes. She then built a fire over him. There were over twenty men and one woman dead.

It was late when all the dead were finally buried. It was foggy and dark after the rain had passed. The Flatheads hurried away, fearing they would be attacked again. Bitter Bow String sat on his horse as Louie led it. He was still able to speak and his wound was already drying up. The Flatheads had loaded the rawhide bags filled with meat on their horses. If a rawhide bag slipped to one side as they were hurrying to escape, they would just cut the bag loose and take the horse. All along the trail there were bags packed with dry meat.

It was late evening when the enemy finally caught up to the Flatheads again, but the enemy was now few in number. Those Flatheads who were still well and able stayed to fight off the enemy. Louie kept going. He saw a string of horses moving along. Many still had bags on their backs and moved slowly. He saw his older brother Charlie's horse. He cut the rawhide bags off and started herding the others. It was at this point that Louie fell behind.

It was getting dark when the enemy quit shooting and turned back. Louie kept going. He was all alone and didn't know which way the rest of the Flatheads had gone. He continued herding all the horses that were left behind. The horses moved along on their own with Louie following. He traveled late into the night and figured he was lost for sure. If his people went some other way, he wouldn't be able to find them again. Yet he continued. He heard dogs barking and knew for the first time that he was on the right trail. Finally, he reached the camp.

"Are you Louie Many Names?" someone asked.

"Yes," Louie said.

"Your brother just got here!" someone yelled to Charlie.

"Thank you," Charlie said, "thank you, my brother. You are alive."

The Flatheads were short on food. They had left most of their supply behind when they had to run from the enemy. Early the next morning they started for home with the chief in the lead. They were really quiet. All the great warrior leaders had been killed. About midafternoon the chief began to cry. Then everyone down the line cried, too. Crying loudly, they called out the names of their dead fathers, husbands and brothers. The mourning for the loved ones lasted all day. They rode on until late that night before they stopped. Everyone was sad and tired. Silently, they did whatever had to be done before they went to sleep.

The next morning they continued on their journey. Anxious to get home, they rode without stopping until they reached home. It was good to be in familiar, safe surroundings at long last again.

THE STORY OF WILD HORSE ISLAND

(Kootenai)

Developed by Kootenai Committee of the Confederated Salish and Kootenai Tribes

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Printed and bound in the United States of America

THE STORY OF WILD HORSE ISLAND

(Kootenai)

This is a true story of how the bighorn sheep got to Wild Horse Island located in Flathead Lake near Dayton, Montana. The story of Wild Horse Island was told by Mary Louise Starr who actually took part in the event. She now lives in Elmo, Montana.

The bighorn sheep were brought to Wild Horse Island from British Columbia, Canada by Frank Phillips, Mary Louise Starr and Dave Mahseela of the Kootenai Tribe. Canada is a beautiful country, vast and open. Frank knew the country well because he had grown up there. He knew exactly where to find bighorn sheep. At that time, Frank, Mary and Dave were living at Dog Lake near Hot Springs, Montana. They decided that the best time to make a trip to catch sheep would be in June. The new lambs would be born then and they would be easy to catch.

They left for Canada and when they arrived, they were joined by three men. A hunting and fishing party was formed. The party camped on the South Fork of the Wigwam River. Sheep Mountain lay just north of them. After a week of hunting and fishing, Frank and Dave departed for Sheep Mountain. They had no problem finding the sheep. Eagles circled above the new lambs, hoping to spot a sick or injured lamb that might provide a meal. Once the men saw the eagles off in the distance they simply continued in that direction. There they found a large herd with many new lambs.

Catching the lambs was more difficult than the men had anticipated, however. The first two attempts were hopeless. These little animals were surefooted and agile, even at their young age. Dave made a snare from his shoelaces and was successful in catching the first two lambs. They were both rams. Dave and Frank released one. Later they caught two more and kept a ewe.

Removing the young lambs from the mountain was another problem. Keeping them well fed and healthy was very important. Frank had to take milk from three different white tail does to feed the baby lambs. Once off the mountain, Frank moved the sheep to the Phillips ranch near by. They stayed long enough for the lambs to adjust to cows' milk and a new life.

After a few weeks had passed, Frank felt the lambs were ready to make the trip to Dayton, so they began the trip back. Late one afternoon, they stopped to rest at Black Creek near Stryker, Montana. This was a usual rest stop for the Kootenai people who traveled this route. When they were ready to leave, the lambs were

nowhere to be found. The party looked everywhere. It was Mary who finally discovered them. She had given up looking for them and sat down on the grass beside the car. To her surprise there they were sound asleep under the car. The rest of the trip was uneventful and they returned home safely.

By midsummer, the lambs had adjusted well and were playful, strong sheep. The rest of the summer was spent moving from place to place, as Frank looked for work. Wherever Frank and his family went, they took the lambs along. It was hard work keeping the lambs from wandering off. They might fall prey to wild animals or become injured.

Finally, in late summer the lambs were taken to the subagency near Polson. Frank and his family lived there with a man named Pat Shea. Pat built a pen for the lambs, but it wasn't long before the lambs found ways to get out and wander off.

The time had come to move the lambs to Wild Horse Island. There on the island they would be free to wander and no harm would come to them. The lambs were loaded into rowboats and taken across the lake to their new home. The sheep are still there today and the once small herd multiplied. Today it is such a large herd that State and Tribal Wildlife Enforcement Control has moved some of them to various places on or near the Flathead Reservation.

WILLIE'S TRIBE

(Kootenai)

Developed by Kootenai Committee of the Confederated Salish and Kootenai Tribes

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WILLIE'S TRIBE

(Kootenai)

One night as a young boy named Willie lay beneath the stars, he wondered if a sprit would come to him. He had been waiting for two nights now and still there was no sight of his spirit. Willie became tired and fell asleep dreaming of what his spirit would be.

The next morning when Willie woke, he went to the nearby stream to catch fish for himself. As he walked to the stream, he noticed that it was oddly quiet. He stopped to listen. The only sound he heard was the rustle of leaves in the wind and the running water of the stream. Willie stood listening, then walked on. After he caught enough fish, Willie went deep into the woods to make his camp and cook.

That evening while Willie was making his supper, he heard a noise. It came from deep in the woods. He listened for a few minutes but didn't hear it anymore. Willie continued to cook his fish. When he sat down to eat again, he heard the same noise. This time the sound was closer than before. Willie looked around. There, not too far from where he sat, stood a big deer, a buck.

The buck moved closer and began to talk to him. The buck said, "Come with me, Willie." Willie knew the buck was the spirit he had been seeking, so he followed him. They walked all night.

The next morning as the sun climbed into the sky, the buck stopped. It said to Willie, "We will stop and make camp here. After we have rested, we will move on. We still have a long journey ahead of us." The buck moved into the trees and Willie found a warm place to lie down. Willie was very tired and fell fast asleep. When Willie awoke, he and the buck shared some food. They went to the stream to drink.

When the sun began to sink behind the hills, Willie and the buck continued on their way. Willie didn't know where they were going, but he knew he must follow. They walked on and on. Finally, they came to a small Indian village.

The buck said to Willie, "In this village you will find an old Indian chief. He will tell you a story. You will learn of the fate that will come to your tribe. The chief will tell you what you have to do." The buck left Willie and disappeared into the darkness. Willie was alone and it was late. He decided to find a place to sleep. He would look for the chief in the morning.

The next morning Willie learned the old chief lived in a small lodge at the edge of the village. Willie went to the lodge to talk to him. When he arrived, he found the chief sleeping on a cot. The chief heard Willie and sat up and said, "I've been waiting for you. The buck said you would be here soon. Sit down and I will tell you a story."

Willie sat next to the old chief. He listened as the chief told of his childhood and how it was when the chief was growing up. The chief told Willie about a dream. He said, "In my dream, there were no elderly Indians left to guide the young Indian people. The young people grew anxious and impatient. They did foolish things like not thinking ahead, not considering what could happen. They traded furs and food for a certain drink. This drink made them do very crazy things. Two men came to the village to buy all the land for lots of money."

The chief added, "When this dream will happen, I will be gone and you will be growing older. What you have to do is learn all you can about your culture and teach others what you know. Teach the young children all the Indian ways, so our culture will never die." They sat in silence for a few minutes.

Then Willie said, "Thank you. I will do all I can." Willie left the old chief. He began learning and teaching the Indian ways. Willie went to all the Indian gatherings and asked the elderly men and women many questions. He learned all the Indian songs, dances and prayers. As he grew older, Willie talked to the young people and told them stories. He taught all the songs he knew. He taught them prayers and hymns.

As Willie grew older, he thought many times of the old chief's dream. He began to wonder who would be the next to carry on the tribal traditions. He hoped he had taught the young well, so that there would be many to carry on the traditions and culture of the tribe.

Today, if Willie were alive, he would be proud to see many young people carrying on the traditional ways. He would say, "Now it is up to you and your children to carry on the traditions from generation to generation."